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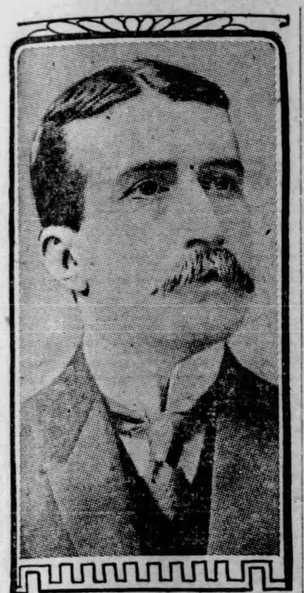
TWO HOUR REVOLUTION UNDER BOLIVAR'S STATUE



AUGUSTO B. LEGUIA, President of Peru.

From Spanish newspapers he has just received from Lima, Peru, Dr. A. de Clairmont, of Toledo, has made a free translation of a Richard Harding Davis sort of tale, hitherto unpublished, of an attempted short-order revolution, and the abduction from a cabinet meeting of the president of the South American republic of gold, earthquakes and Inca Indians.

The narrative is as full of action and gun play as an old-time Burt melodrama, with President Augusto B. Leguia, the kidnaped president, in the real hero role. The revolution continued just about as long as an average American theatrical performance, and was based on plots and counterplots, replete with amusing features. Yet its prompt suppression has had powerful moral effect, demonstrating the fact that the anti-administration party is composed of only a few disgruntled plotters, so that the government is more firmly established than ever before, and no further attacks are likely to be made upon it.

Ever since President Leguia assumed office there had been suppressed excitement in the capital city of Lima. It was known that a revolution was brewing and that attempts had been made, as customary in South American republics, to bribe government officials and troops. It was impossible to ascertain the actual strength of the revolutionists on account of intrigues and relationships between civil and military families, but the arsenals and barracks were guarded closely and preparations made to resist attack.

Secret Headquarters.

Pardo, the predecessor of Leguia in the president's chair, had permitted unprecedented freedom of the press and tolerated seditious speeches until the revolutionists, encouraged by this policy, established secret headquarters in Lima.

Taking advantage of the opportunity which presented itself when Leguia met with his cabinet at 2 o'clock, May 29, thirty revolutionists gathered hurriedly and secretly at a house near the palace. They were heavily armed and distributed guns and amunition to 100 sympathizers. Unable to influence the regular soldiers against the government, the little band of plotters, led by a desperate native, Pierola, rushed into the court yard, shot down the sentinel, who bayoneted his slayer as he fell, and seized the arms lying near the walls.

Taken by surprise, only a few of the court guards escaped through windows to the roof. Others, who resisted, were shot. Swarming through the palace, the rebels made prisoners of the president, his military commander and two cabinet officers.

Pierola and his band offered President Leguia the alternative of signing his abdication forthwith or of being abdicated by a bullet. Leguia refused to sign and was dragged by the yelling mob from his palace into the streets of Lima to the senate chamber, where the brave chief executive again refused to abdicate.

Leguia Defiant.

Leguia preferred to be a dead president rather than a live civilian, but was helpless in the grasp of the rabble that dragged him to the statue of Bolivar. If their motive was to subdue the doughty Leguia in the shadow of the stone image of the great South American liberator who was forced to resign when he believed his strength was greatest, they were again doomed to disappointment. For the third time Leguia refused to abdicate or turn over the barracks and government of the city to the rebels.

The few loyal guards who had escaped from the palace rallied against the rebels and summoned the cavalry troop of twenty-five men to their assistance. Disregarding his own peril, Leguia, who was held in front of the insurrectionists as a shield, ordered his men to shoot and two-thirds of the insurgents fell under the hail of bullets.

Leguia was taken, uninjured, from beneath a heap of dead insurgents and escorted triumphantly back to the palace by his cavalry.

The afternoon's conspiracy and attempted assassination, as it is termed by the loyal people of Peru, was productive of more excitement than a bull fight and interrupted the siesta of the whole city of Lima.

The plot was much like that of many years ago when President Pizzaro was dragged from his palace and stabbed to death on the steps of a cathedral he had built, when he refused to abdicate.

Prison for Plotters.

President Leguia, who is a civilian, forty-five years old, and untrained in warfare, is receiving cable and telegraphic congratulations from the various departments of Peru, as well as from foreign governments, on his success in overthrowing the insurrectionists.

The surviving plotters will spend the summer in a quiet retreat built of stone walls and iron doors.

Worse Than Earthquakes.

Woman's Home Companion.

Speaking of volcanoes, earthquakes and other great convulsions of nature, it may be well to remember that there are some things even more destructive; witness a tale that is told of an occurrence during the earthquake in Charleston, S. C., several years ago.

A resident of the shaken city, while he felt that his duties required him to remain there to do what he might for the sufferers, sent his 6-year-old son out of the danger and confusion to the youngster's grandfather in New York. Three days after the boy's arrival the Charleston man received this telegram from his father: "Send up your earthquake and take back your boy."

Mombasa Is Ancient.

Atchison Globe.

You probably think of Mombasa, where Roosevelt landed, as a sort of pioneer outpost on the edge of the world. As a matter of fact, Monbasa was on the map 200 years before Columbus discovered America, and it is a somewhat prosperous city of 27,000 people. It is the terminus of the Uganada railroad, and has a steel pier and stone wharves. The protective citadel, which still stands as a part of the town's fortifications, was started by the Arabs in the seventh century. You may not have heard much of Mombasa, but it isn't because it is a new city, built to make one end of a railroad or a landing place for ex-Presidents.

The Turtle's Cunning.

London Globe.

Although not credited with any high degree of inteligence, the turtle, when about to deposit its eggs, exhibits considerable cunning.

It scoops out a hole, as if to prepare a repository for its eggs, but in order to delude the birds and other enemies the turtle throws the sand again into the hole, leaving the surface rough, and waddles off to another spot, where it repeats the process. Sometimes this is done three times, and eventually the eggs are laid in an excavation within a few yards of the sham nest, the surface being smoothed and flattened down.

When hunting for the eggs the Queensland blacks probe the sand in the vicinity of one of the sham nests, and are usually successful.

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

"Stop Thief!"

They all turned and looked along the road which ran to the end of the lake. With James McMurrough, who was still a furlong away, were the two O'Biernes. They came slowly, and something in their bearing, even at that distance, awoke anxiety.

"They're early from the cocking," Uncle Ulick muttered doubtfully, "and sober as pigs! What's the meaning of that? There's something amiss, I'm fearing."

A cry from Flavia proved the keenness of her eyes. "Where is Giralda?" she exclaimed. "Where is the mare?"

"Ay, what have they done with the mare?" Uncle Ulick said in a tone of consternation. "Have they lamed her, I'm wondering? The garron Morty's riding is none of ours."

"I begged him not to take her!" Flavia cried, anger contending with her grief. Giralda, her gray mare, ascribed in sanguine moments to the strain of the Darley Arabian, and as gentle as she was spirited, was the girl's dearest possession. "I begged him not to take her!" she repeated, almost in tears. "I knew there was danger."

"James was wrong to take her up country," Uncle Ulick said sternly.

"They've claimed her!" Flavia wailed. "I know they have! And I shall never recover her! Oh, I'd far rather she were dead."

Uncle Ulick lifted up his powerful voice.

"Where's the mare?" he shouted.

James McMurrough shrugged his shoulders; a moment later the riders came up and the tale was told. The three young men had halted at the hedge tavern at Brocktown, where their road ran out of the road to Tralee. There were four men drinking in the house, who seemed to take no notice of them. But when The McMurrough and his companions went to the shed beside the house to draw out their horses, the men followed, challenged them for Papists, threw down five pounds in gold and seized the mare. The four were armed, and resistance was useless.

The story was received with a volley of oaths and curses. "But by the Holy," Uncle Ulick flamed up, "I'd have hung on their heels and raised the country!"

"Ay, ay! The thieves of the world!"

"They took the big road by Tralee," James McMurrough explained sulkily. "What was the use?"

"Were there no men working in the bogs?"

"There were none nearby, to be sure," Morty said. "But I've a notion, if we followed them we might light on one friend or another—'twas in Kerry, after all!"

"'Twas not more than nine miles English from here!" Uncle Ulick cried.

"That was just what I thought," Morty continued with some hesitation. "Just that, but——" And his eye transferred the burden to The McMurrough.

James answered with an oath. "A nice time this to be bringing the soldiers upon us," he cried, "when, bedad, if the time ever was, we want no trouble with the Englishry! What's the use of crying over spilled milk? I'll give you another mare."

"But it'll not be Giralda!" Flavia wailed.

"Sure it's the black shame, it is!" Uncle Ulick cried, his face dark. "It's enough to raise the country. Ay, I say it, though you're listening, Asgill. It's more than blood can stand."

"No one is more sorry than myself," Asgill replied, with a look of concern. "I don't make the laws, or they'd be other than they are!"

"True for you," Uncle Ulick answered. "I'm allowing that. And it is true, too, that to make a stir too early would ruin all. I'm afraid you must be making the best of it, Flavvy. I'd go after them myself, but the time's not convenient, as you know, and by this time they're in Tralee, bad cess to it, where there's nought to be done. They'll be for selling her to one of the garrison officers, I'm thinking; or they'll take her farther up country, maybe to Dublin."

Flavia's last hopes died with this verdict. She could not control her tears, and she turned and went away in grief to the house.

Meantime the hangers-on and the beggars pressed upon the gentry, anxious to hear. The McMurrough, not sorry to find someone on whom to vent his temper turned upon them and drove them away with blows of his whip. The movement brought him face to face with Captain Augustin. The fiery little Frenchman disdained to give way; in a trice angry words passed, and—partly out of mischief, for the moment was certainly not propitious—Asgill repeated the proposal which Colonel John had just made. The Colonel thus challenged stood forward.

"It's a fair compromise," he argued. "And if Captain Augustin is prepared to pay twenty per cent——"

"He'll not have his cargo, nor yet a cask!" The McMurrough replied with a curt, angry laugh. "Loss and enough we've had today."

"But——"

"Get me back the mare," the young man cried, cutting the Colonel short with savage ridicule. "That's all I have to say."

"It seems to me," Colonel John replied quietly, "that those who lose should find. Still——" checking the young man's anger by the very calmness of his tone, "for Captain Augustin's sake, who can ill bear the loss, and for your sister's sake, I will see what I can do."

The McMurrough stared. "You?" he cried. "You?"

"Yes, I."

"Heaven help us!" the young man laughed aloud in his scorn.

But Colonel John seemed no way moved.

"Yes," he replied. "Only let us understand one another"—with a look at Uncle Ulick which made him party to the bargain. "If I return tomororw evening or on the following day—or week—with your sister's mare"—

"Mounseer shall have his stuff again to the last pennyworth," young McMurrough returned with an ironical laugh, "and without payment at all! Or stay! Perhaps you'll buy the mare?"

"No, I shall not buy her," Colonel John answered, "except at the price the man gave you."

"Then you'll not get her. That's certain! But it's your concern."

The colonel nodded, and, turning on his heels, went away toward the house, calling William Bale to him as he passed.

The McMurrough looked at the Frenchman. He had a taste for tormenting someone. "Well, monsieur," he jeered, "how do you like your bargain?"

"I do not understand," the Frenchman answered.

"But he is a man of his word, ma foi. And they are not—of the common."

CHAPTER V.

The Mess Room at Tralee.

Early in the saddle Colonel Sullivan rode eastward under Slieve Mish, with the sun rising above the lower spurs of the mountains, and the lark saluting the newborn radiance with a song attuned to the freshness of the morning.

Bale rode behind him, taciturn, comparing the folds of his native Suffolk hills with these greener vales. They reached the hodge tavern, where the mare had been seized, and they stayed to bait their horses, but got no news. About 8 they rode on and five long Irish miles nearer Tralee they viewed from the crest of a hill a piece of road stretched ribbonlike before they, and on it a man walking from them at a great pace. He had for companion a boy, who trotted beside him.

Neither man nor boy looked back, and it did not seem to be from fear of the two riders that they moved so quickly. The man wore a loose drugget coat and an old jockey cap, and walked with a stout six-foot staff. Thus armed they should have stood in small fear of robbers. Yet when Colonel John's horse, the tread of his hoofs deadened by the road mud, showed its head at his shoulders, he turned a face of more vivid alarm than seemed necessary. And he crossed himself.

Colonel John touched his hat. "I give you good morning, good man," he said.

The walker raised his hand to his cap as if to return the salute, but lowered it without doing so. He muttered something.

"You will be in haste," Colonel John continued. He saw that the sweat stood in beads on the man's brow and the lad's face was tear-stained.

"I've far to go," the man muttered. He spoke with a slight foreign accent, but in the west of Ireland this was common. "The top of the morning to you."

Plainly he wished the two riders to pass on, but he did not slacken his speed for a moment. So for a space they went abreast, the man with every twenty paces glancing up suspiciously. And now and again the boy, as he ran or walked, vented a sob.

The colonel looked about him. The solitude of the valley was unbroken. No cabin smoked, no man worked within sight, so that the haste of these two, their sweating faces, their straining steps, seemed portentious. "Shall I take up the lad?" Colonel John asked.

Plainly the man hesitated. Then, "You will be doing a kindness," he panted. And, seizing the lad in two powerful arms, he swung him to the colonel's stirrup, who, in taking him, knocked off the other's jockey cap.

The man snatched it up and put it on with a single movement. But Colonel John had seen what he expected.

"You walk on a matter of life and death?" he said.

"It is all that," the man answered, and this time his look was defiant.

"You are taking the offices, father?" The man did not reply.

"To one who is near his end, I suspect?"

The priest—for such he was—glanced at the weapon Colonel John wore. "You can do what you will," he said sullenly, "I am on my duty."

"And a fine thing, that!" Colonel John answered heartily. He drew rein, and, before the other knew what he would be at, he was off his horse. "Mount, father," he said, "and ride, and God be with you!"

For a moment the priest stared dumbfounded.

"Sir," he said, "you wear a sword! And no son of the church goes armed in these parts."

"If I am not one of your church I am a Christian," Colonel John answered. "Mount, father, and ride in God's name, and when you are there send the lad back with the beast."

"The Mother of God reward you!" the priest cried fervently, "and turn your heart in the right way!" He scrambled to the saddle. "The blessing of all—"

The rest was lost in the thud of hoofs as the horse started briskly, leaving Colonel John standing alone upon the road beside Bale's stirrup.

"It's something if a man serves where he's listed," Colonel John remarked.

Bale smiled. "And don't betray his own side," he said. He slipped from his saddle.

"You think it's the devil's work we've done?" Colonel John asked.

But Bale declined to say more, and the two walked on, one on either side of the horse.

They had trudged the better part of two miles when they came upon the horse tethered by the reins to one of two gate pillars. Colonel John got to his saddle and they trotted on. Notwithstanding, it was late in the afternoon when they approached the town of Tralee.

As the Colonel eyed the mean houses which flanked the entrance to the town, he recognized that if all the saints had not vouchsafed their company, the delay caused by the meeting with the priest had done somewhat. For at that precise moment a man was riding into the town before them and the horse under the man was Flavia McMurrough's lost mare.

Colonel John's eye lightened as he recognized its points. With a sign to Bale he fell in behind the man and followed him through two or three ill paved and squalid streets. Presently the rider passed through a loopholed gateway, crossed by an open space surrounded by dreary buildings which no military eye could take for aught but a barrack yard. The two still followed—the sentry staring after them. On the far side of the yard the mare and its rider vanished through a second archway which appeared to lead to an inner court. The Colonel went after them. Fortune, he thought, had favored him.

But as he emerged from the tunnel-like passage he raised his head in astonishment. A din of voices, an outbreak of laughter and revelry burst in flood of sound upon his ears. He turned his face in the direction whence the sounds came, and saw three open windows, and at each window three or four flushed countenances. His sudden emergence from the tunnel, perhaps his look of surprise, wrought an instant's silence, which was followed by a ruder outburst.

"Cock! cock! cock!" shrieked a tipsy voice, and an orange, hurled at random, missed the Colonel's astonished face by a yard. The mare which had led him so far had disappeared, and instinctively he drew bridle. He stared at the window!

"Mark one!" cried a second roisterer, and a cork, better aimed than the orange, struck the Colonel sharply on the chin. A shout of laughter greeted the hit.

He arised his hat. "Gentlemen," he remonstrated, "gentlemen—"

He could proceed no further. A flight of corks, a renewed cry of "Cock! cock! cock!" a chorus of "Fetch him, Ponto! Dead, good dog!" drowned his remonstrances. Perhaps in the scowling face at his elbow the wits of the —th found more amusement than in the master's mild astonishment.

"Who the deuce is he?" cried one of the seniors, raising his voice above the uproar. "English or Irish?"

"Irish for a dozen!" a voice answered. "Here, Paddy, where's your papers?"

"Ay, be jabbers!" in an exaggerated brogue: "it's the broth of a boy he is, and never a face as long as his in ould Ireland."

"Gentlemen,"—the Colonel said, getting in a word at last, "Gentlemen, I have been in many companies before this, and—"

"You shall be in ours," one of the revelers retorted. And "Have him in! Fetch him in!" roared a dozen voices, amid much laughter. Half as many young fellows leaped from the windows and surrounded him. "Whoo-whoop!" cried one, "Who-whoop!"

"Steady, gentlemen, steady!" the Colonel said, a note of sternness in his voice. "I've no objection to joining you, or to a little timely frolic, but—"

"Join us you will, whether or no!" replied one more turbulent than the rest. He made as if he would lay hands on the Colonel, and, to avoid violence, the latter suffered himself to be helped from the saddle. In a twinkling he was through the doorway, leaving his reins in Bale's hand.

Boisterous cries of "Hallo, sobersides!" and "Cock! cock! cock!" greeted the Colonel, as, partly of his own accord and partly urged by unceremonious hands, he crossed the threshold.

The scene presented by the apartment matched the flushed faces which the windows had framed. A corner of the table had been cleared for a main at hazard; but to make up for this the sideboard was a wilderness of broken meats and piled up dishes, and an overturned card table beside one of the windows had strewn the floor with cards. Here, there, everywhere, on chairs, on hooks, were cast sword belts, neckcloths, neglected wigs.

A peaceful citizen of that day had as soon found himself in a bear pit, and even the Colonel's face grew a trifle longer as hands, not too gentle, conducted him toward the end of the table. "Gentlemen, gentlemen," he began, "I have been in many companies, as I said before, and—"

"A speech! Old Gravity's speech!" roared a middle-aged, bold-eyed man, who had suggested the sally from the windows and from the first had set the younger spirits an example of recklessness. "Hear to him!" He filled a glass of wine and waved it perilously near the Colonel's nose. "Old Gravity's speech! Give it tongue!" he cried. "The flure's your own and we're listening!"

Colonel John eyed him with a slight contraction of the features. But the announcement, if ill meant, availed to procure silence. The more sober had resumed their seats. He raised his head and spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said—and it was strange to note the effect of his look as his eyes fell first on one and then on another, fraught with a dignity which insensibly wrought on them, "Gentlemen, I have been in many companies, and I have found it true all the world over that what a man brings he finds. I have the honr to speak to you as a soldier to soldiers"——

"English or Irish?" asked a tall, sallow man—sharply, but in a new tone.

"Irish!"

"Oh, be jabers!" from the man with the wine glass.

But the Colonel's eye and manner had had their effect, and "Let him speak!" the sallow man said. "And you, Payton have done with your fooling, will you?"

"Well, hear to him!"

"I have been in many camps and many companies, gentlemen," the Colonel resumed, "and those of many nations. But wherever I have been I have found that if a man brought no offense he received none. I am a stranger here, for I have been out of my own country for a score of years. On my return you welcome me," he smiled, "a little boisterously, perhaps, but I am sure, gentlemen, with a good intent. And as I have fared elsewhere I am sure I shall fare at your hands."

"Well, sure," from the background, "and haven't we made you welcome?"

"Almost too freely," the Colonel replied, smiling good humoredly. "A peaceable man who had not lived as long as I have might have found himself at a loss in face of so strenuous a welcome. Corks, perhaps, are more in place in bottles——"

"And a dale more in place out of them!" from the background.

"But if you will permit me to explain my errand, I will say no more of that. My name, gentlemen, is Sullivan, Colonel John Sullivan, of Skull, formerly of the Swedish service and much at your service. I shall be still more obliged if any of you will be kind enough to inform me who is the purchaser——"

Payton interrupted him rudely. "We have had enough of this!" he cried. "Sink all purchasers, I say!" And with a drunken crow he thrust his neighbor against the speaker, causing both to reel. How it happened no one saw—whether Payton himself staggered in the cat, or flung the wine wantonly; but somehow the contents of his glass flew over the Colonel's face and neckcloth.

Half a dozen men rose from their seats. "Shame!" an indignant voice cried.

Among those who had risen was the sallow man. "Payton," he said sharply, "what did you do that for?"

"Because I choose, if you like," the stout man answered. "What is it to you? I am ready to give him satisfaction when he likes and where he likes, and no heel-taps! And what more can he want? Do you hear, sir?" he continued in a bullying tone. "Swords or pistols, before breakfast or after dinner, drunk or sober, Jack Payton's your man. It shall never be said in my time that the ——th suffered a crop eared Irishman to preach to them in their own messroom! You can send your friend to me when you please. He'll find me."

The colonel was wiping the wine from his chin and necktie. He had turned strangely pale at the moment of the insult. More than one of those who had watched him curiously, noting the slow preciseness of his movements, expected some extraordinary action.

But no one looked for anything so abnormal as the course he took when he spoke. Nothing in his bearing had prepared them for it; nor anything in his conduct which, so far, had been that of a man of the world not too much at a loss even in the unfavorable circumstances in which he was ploced.

"I do not fight," he said. "Your challenge is cheap, sir, as your insult."

Payton stared. He had never been more astonished in his life. "You do not fight? Heaven and earth! and you a soldier!"

"I do not fight."

"After that, man! Not—after——"

"No," Colonel John said between his teeth.

And then no one spoke. A something in Colonel John's tone sobered the spectators and turned that which might have seemed an ignominy into a tragedy in which they all had their share. For the insult had been so wanton that there was not one of the witnesses whose sympathy had not been with the victim.

Payton alone was moved only by contempt.

"Heavens, man," he cried, finding his voice again. "Are you a Quaker? If so, why do you call yourself a soldier?"

"I am no Quaker," Colonel John answered, "but I do not fight duels."

"Why?"

"If I killed you," the Colonel replied, eyeing him steadily, "would it dry my neckcloth or clean my face?"

"No," Payton retorted with a sneer, "but it would clean your honor! It would prove, man, that, unlike the beasts that perish, you valued something more than your life."

"I do."

"What?" Payton asked with a careless disdain.

"Among other things my duty."

Payton laughed brutally. "Why, by the powers, you are a preacher!" he retorted. "Hang your duty, sir, and you for a craven! Give me acts, not words! It's a man duty to defend his honor, and you talk of your neckcloth! There's for a new neckcloth!" He pulled out a half crown and flung it, with an insulting gesture, upon the table. "Show us your back, and for the future give gentlemen of honor a wide berth. You are no mate for them."

The act and the words were too strong. A murmur rose, for if Payton was feared, he was not loved, and the sallow faced man, whose name was Marsh, spoke out. "Easy, Payton," he said. "The gentleman—"

"The gentleman, eh?"

"Did not come here of his own accord, and you've said enough and done enough. For my part—"

"I didn't ask for your interference!" the other cried insolently.

"Well, anyway—"

"And I don't want it! And I won't have it; do you hear, Marsh?" Payton repeated menacingly. "You know me, and I know you."

"I know that you are a better fencer and a better shot than I am," Marsh replied, shrugging his shoulders, "and I daresay than any of us. We are apt to believe it, anyway. But—"

"I would advise you to let that be enough," Payton sneered.

It was then that the Colonel spoke—and in a tone somewhat altered. "I am much obliged to you, sir" he said, addressing the sallow faced man. "I crave leave to say one word only, which may come home to some among you. We are all at times at the mercy of mean persons. Yes, sir, of mean persons," the Colonel repeated, in a tone so determined that Payton in the act of seizing a decanter to hurl at him, hesitated. "For any but a mean person," Colonel John continued, drawing himself up to his full height, "finding that he had insulted one who could not meet him on even terms, would have deemed it the same as if he had insulted a one-armed man or a blind man, and would have set himself right by an apology."

At that word Payton found his voice. "Hang your apology!" he cried furiously.

"By an apology!" the Colonel repeated, fixing him with eyes of unmeasured contempt, "which would have lowered him no more than an apology to a woman or a child. Not doing so, his act dishonors himself only and those who sit with him. And one day, unless I mistake not, his own blood and the blood of others will rest upon his head."

With that word the speaker turned slowly, walked with an even pace to the door and opened it, none gainsaying him. On the threshold he paused and looked back. Something—possibly some chord of superstition in his breast which his adversary's last words had touched—held Payton silent, and silent the Colonel's raised finger found him.

"I believe," Colonel John said, gazing solemnly at him, "that we shall meet again." And he went out.

Payton turned to the table and with an unsteady hand filled a glass. "Sink the old Square-Toes!" he cried. "He got what he deserved. Who'll throw a main with me?"

"Thirty guineas against your new mare, if you like?"

"No, confound you!" Payton retorted angrily. "Didn't I say she wasn't for sale?"

(To Be Continued.)

A Glimpse of Old New York

OLD DUTCH FARMHOUSE, COR. 7TH AVE. & 50TH ST.

The section of Manhattan in which this old house stood is described by Hopper Striker Mott in "The New York of Yesterday," when he writes:

"In the good old days, some time after the settlement of this island by our Holland ancestors, the middle west section thereof received from the place of that name near Haarlem, in Holland, the name 'Bloemendael.' Its earliest history is lost in tradition. Indian trails led over and across it. Where the tepees were located, how the wild creatures which prowled through its woods disappeared, and how and when the territory, densely covered with the denizens of the forest, became denuded, we are left to conjecture. At a later date its pastoral scenes were apostrophized by Irving, whose magic pen has immortalized the 'River of the Mountains,' as 'a sweet and rural valley, beautiful with many a bright wild flower, refreshed by many a pure streamlet, and enlivened here and there by a delectable little Dutch cottage, sheltered under some sloping hill and almost buried in embowering trees.' The derivation of the name is in itself descriptive of the territory to which it was applied. Even in our day it was 'a vale of flowers,' the equivalent in the vernacular of the Dutch designation. The extent of territory covered by the appellation has ever been a mooted question; such authorities as mention the subject at all differ essentially. We know to a certainty that the road which gave access much later to the locality ran its length through 'the Bloomingdale district' from present Twenty-third street and Broadway and was known as the Bloomingdale road. It wound o'er hill and dale, over a picturesque country, passing beautiful country seats and farmhouses, making an ensemble which vied with the splendors of the lordly Hudson lapping its shores."

PURPLE AND HOMESPUN

BY AUSTIN FRYERS

LONDON — 1908

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"You are quite right, Duchess. The Duke is the cause. We may always rely on it that when he can make mischief he will. And as he knows of Miss Minnie Howard, I wonder what mischief he will make of that? I am glad, however, that Alicia does not regard me as on ogre. I was almost afraid to meet her."

"The Princess is only eager to hear from your Highness' own lips that she has not forefited in any degree your confidence and love."

"Her Highness is fortunate, and I am fortunate," said the Prince with a courteous bow, "in having the services of your grace to guide and protect her."

The Duchess rose, and acknowledged the compliment with a profound obeisance. The old-world courtesy and formality of her grace was a curious contrast to the informality and freedom which characterized the manner of her royal charge.

"Your Highness," said she, "will, I suppose, now receive the Princess?"

"It is with me the peccavi lies, Duchess," said the Prince, smiling. "I will ask her to receive me. Besides, as you know, Alicia has almost the spirit of a revolutionary in her contempt for formality."

"It is the privilege and the drawback of youth, your Highness, to lack appreciation for the lessons of experience; lessons which can only be taught by experience."

The Prince accompanied the Duchess to the Princess' apartments, and waited in the anteroom till her grace announced him. He had been there but a few moments when a pair of arms were flung round his neck and a hearty kiss implanted on his cheek.

"Why, you naughty daddy," said the Princess, "why have you not let me see you before? Just fancy going out when you had sent for me to London, and fetched me all the way back here at express speed."

"I'm very sorry, Liss," said he, using the diminutive of her nursery days. "But I won't try and excuse myself; I'll only ask you to forgive me."

"I won't do it for nothing," said the Princess, pouting playfully.

"What is the price, then, or the fine?"

"A kiss. But you must kiss me, not leave it to me to kiss you."

The Duchess, who had followed the Princess into the room, discreetly withdrew. It was as well she did, for the baby language and nursery lore which delighted this elderly man and grown-up girl would have proved incomprehensible if not absolutely tiresome to one who had never experienced the humanizing effect of the love which subsists between a parent and child, when not warped or driven out of existence by artificial circumstances.

"And now, daddy," said the princess, when the conversation became more serious, "I want you to tell me what was the real reason of your sending for me so suddenly."

"I think, dear, it is better if you do not press me to tell you. The duchess knows, and she agrees with me."

"Very well," said the princess, "I shall be satisfied if you tell me just this one thing. Did you send for me because of the photographs of Miss Minnie Howard?"

The prince paused a moment with a slightly pained expression.

"Yes," he replied slowly, "that was the reason."

"I thought so," said the princess lightly. "Both the duchess and I felt the duke would do something of the sort. Of course, daddy, you thought the photographs were mine; but what I can't understand is, why it should have been so very terrible even if they

FOREST FIRES COST MICHIGAN A BIG SUM

Last winter the forest service estimated Michigan's present losses from forest fires in 1908 as over $28,000,000, with a loss from the destruction of non-merchantable young growth put at $16,000,000 more. The accuracy of this estimate has been questioned by the state game, fish and forest warden, who has lately published an estimate of his own, putting the total loss at about $2,570,000.

The state warden gives as the basis of his estimate "the supervisors in organized townships, the fire wardens in surveyed townships, and the timber owners throughout northern Michigan." He tabulates the losses by counties, and challenges the forest service to do the same. He speaks of the two members of the forest service who gathered the facts for the government as "evidently imported into Michigan for a purpose," and says that they "remained four or five weeks, stopped at the good hotels, went back to Washington, and from there told the people of Michigan that the forest fire losses amounted to something over $44,000,000."

The primary source of information used by the forest service for its estimate of damage to standing timber was the records of lumber companies and timber owners and the records, maps, and estimates made for owners by their own timber cruisers. These data were supplemented by personal investigations by the two members of the forest service which carried them into thirty-six counties of the state. The man in charge of the work was a man originally from Michigan, trained at the University of Michigan, and familiar with forest conditions in the state through previous studies. His assistant was an experienced lumberman of long training in the woods of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

The forest service is in a position to judge with some accuracy as to the value of the state warden's figures from actual contact with many of the officers who made them, and knowledge of how the reports were prepared. In some cases the assistance of one of the members of the service was asked and received in making them out. A large number of reports were secured from fire wardens by the forest service, but less than ten

SLAIN GIRL'S GRANDSIRE WAS BRILLIANT WARRIOR

Franz Sigel Led Baden Revolution, Then Held High Rank in Union Army During the Civil War.

MAJ.-GEN. FRANZ SIGEL.

FRANZ SIGEL, grandfather of the girl slain in New York by her Mongolian lover, was born in Baden, Germany, in 1824. He graduated from the military school at Carlsruhe in 1843, was commissioned as a lieutenant, resigned in 1847. In the following year he became commander-in-chief of the Baden revolutionists, was arrested in Switzerland, escaped and in 1852 came to the United States.

He first settled in New York, where he conducted a paper, then removed to St. Louis, where he established another paper. At the outbreak of the civil war he raised a regiment. In May, 1861, he was made a brigadier general, and in 1862 a major-general, commanding a corps in the Army of Virginia, which he commanded from Cedar Creek to the second Bull Run. He commanded the western Pennsylvania reserves in 1863 and in 1864 took command of the department of western Virginia. With 4,000 men he successfully defended Maryland Heights against General Early's 15,000 raiders.

After the war General Sigel edited the Baltimore Wrecker for a short time and then removed to New York. He served as collector of internal revenue, city registrar and pension agent, edited a monthly magazine and wrote numerous military papers. He died in 1902.

BLADDER TROUBLES NEED PROMPT ATTENTION.

Perhaps you don't know how much work is required of your kidneys and bladder or of how much importance they are. Do you know that on these important organs hinges good health? Many an apparently strong, healthy man or woman has been stricken without notice by serious kidney and bladder disease only to realize too late what might have been prevented with proper care and attention.

Some of the early symptoms of weak kidneys and bladder are lumbago, rheumatism, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints or muscles, at times have headache or indigestion, dizziness, you may have a sallow complexion, puffy or dark circles under the eyes, sometimes feel as though you had heart trouble, may have plenty of ambition but no strength, get weak and waste away.

If you find you have some of the symptoms mentioned, you need then a remedy that will reach the seat of the disease and at the same time build up the system generally.

Such a remedy is Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. In thousands of cases it has accomplished just the work you need performed now.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Free by Mail

Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention The Toledo Weekly Blade. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

were mine. I have been photographed dozens of times."

"Alicia, my dear, you forget one thing; you forget that you are no longer a child."

"I don't forget that," she replied with a little moue. "It is one of the hard things princesses have to endure, that they are neither allowed to forget nor to conceal their age, as all other women do."

"Remembering, then, that you are a woman, you should remember that the future of Alsenburg is inextricably bound up in your future."

"I don't understand," said the princess, her face paling because she understood only too well.

"Alsenburg is but a small state, said the prince in a very serious tone. "Its integrity, independence, and even existence rest mainly on the jealousies of the larger states. We should have been merged in Germany long ago, if it were not that Germany feared Austria, France, and Belgium, to say nothing of their wider international interests which would be disarranged by the annexation. Still it is inevitable that if Alsenburg should lose its independence it is to Germany it will fall. This is well known to all our statesmen and generals. It is well known to my stepbrother, who has never ceased to intrigue with Germany. His purpose obviously is to make some concession to Germany, by which he would be her nominee in displacing me on the throne."

"Would Duke Frederic go so far as that?" asked the princess incredulously.

"Yes," said the prince in an angry, resentful tone. "We know more than he is aware of, and we have more brains to oppose him than he gives us credit for. But he is too strong in Alsenburg to openly denounce him. Whenever he is told the truth he must quit Alsenburg, and we must be strong enough not merely to banish him, but to quell his supporters. There is only one person in Alsenburg who can bring this about; and that person, Alicia, is you!"

The princess nodded gravely. She was able to control her emotions so that she gave no outward sign of the fear that was at her heart; but she felt, in her enforced calmness, as if she had been suddenly turned to stone.

"It is to Germany that Frederic looks for assistance; and it is to Germany that we look, or must look, not only for the power to checkmate him, but also for that understanding which will ensure the maintenance and prosperity of the throne of Alsenburg. You follow me, Alicia?"

"Yes, father," replied the princess quietly, "I understand Alsenburg is a pawn on the chessboard of Europe, and Germany has the move."

"It is on you, Liss, that the issue depends," said the prince in a musing, saddened tone. He knew that the contemplated match was an excellent one from every point of view, and that Prince Dietrich was as well favored as Princess Alicia was beautiful, but his years of heart-negation had not saved him from one moment of humanizing regret that it was necessary to barter his daughter's heart and love as his own had been bartered in the days of his youth.

The princess had risen and gone to the window, through which she looked out on the palace gardens with unseeing eyes. Her brain was in a whirl, for she could not make up her mind what to do. Her main inclination was to confess the truth to her father that her heart was no longer in her keeping, and that she meant to abjure everything for love. She hesitated, however, to wound him by such a declaration; and she also knew that he would lightly sweep aside the notion that her personal wishes were worth consideration as compared with what was due from her to the state. Then again, she reflected, time is the cabinet of possibility. Much that might be contemplated in the councils of Alsenburg would never prove to be more than ambitious dreams. She would wait. The prince came behind her and laid his hand affectionately on her shoulder.

"My little one is upset at the thought of parting from her old daddy," said he.

"Yes, daddy," replied the princess, turning and facing him, her eyes becoming suddenly suffused with tears. "I am. Why cannot one always remain a child and never talk of parting?"

"It is as inevitable, dear," said he, kissing her on the forehead, "as that other parting which alone age can look forward to. But, sweetest, fortune is kind in your case. You will, I am sure, find that for once Duty—which is the equivalent for Love to those in our position—will run hand in hand with interest. The prince, through whom an alliance with Germany can be effected, is young, brave, handsome, noble and manly. You will like him for himself; and I shall be proud to see you his princess apart from every other consideration."

He kissed her again on the forehead as he spoke. It was, in a sense, the seal of his command and a species of congratulation. The princess shivered beneath it as she conjured up the picture of her English artist-lover to whom she meant to be loyal at all costs.

"You do not speak, Liss, dear," said the prince anxiously. "Why are you silent?"

"I would rather not talk about it now, daddy," said the princess, in a tone of weariness which she could not hide.

"I understand, dear," said the prince affectionately; and taking her arm tenderly he led her back to the Duchess of Saxenhagen, in whose charge he left her.

CHAPTER XX.

"Madame La Comtesse."

Miss Howard required but little time for the preparations for her journey, and she felt that circumstances excused the invented reason of a pressing, unlooked-for concert engagement which she gave her mother as the cause of her so suddenly leaving London. Mademoiselle Blois was equally quick in her preparations, while the undertaking to Philip Darrell presented no difficulties at all.

The change from the young and handsome favorite of the concert stage to the decrepit middle-aged invalid—in which character it was decided that she should enter Alsenburg—was made in the train, with the assistance of the dexterous Jeannette; and it was so expertly effected that Darrell would not have recognized Miss Howard in the elderly lady who alighted from her reserved compartment at the end of the journey, and leaned for assistance on the arm of her companion, had not the companion in question been the smiling and pert Mademoiselle Blois.

Miss Howard and the maid had traveled in a reserved compartment. This was by no means in anticipation of the strict etiquette which would be in accordance with the exalted station Miss Howard hoped presently to occupy; it was in keeping with a rule which concert singers observe, it being left to the prime donne of grand opera and the stars of musical comedy to order their movements with a freedom which places enjoyment and the advantages of advertisement above the decorum which meets with the approval of Clapham. Another reason lay in the necessity for "making up" in the role of the invalid elderly lady.

Throughout the journey Darrell, taking his cue from Miss Howard's aloofness, paid no more attention to the pair than might a stranger anxious to pay courteous deference to age and physical infirmity.

It was a glorious morning as the trains crossed the frontier of Alsenburg, and Minnie lay back on the cushions of the railway carriage to view in comfort the little kingdom over whose destinies she intended to exercise a leading influence.

It was in marked contrast to the tracts of country through which she had already passed. Alsenburg almost from its borders took on an oleographic vividness, which delighted the sensitive heart of the Frenchwoman.

"Ma foi!" she exclaimed; "but, madame, is it not like the scene of an opera bouffe? So beautiful, so fresh, so colored. And, madame, look at the people. Are they not like the chorus?"

"Be quiet, Jeannette, please. I want to look and to think."

But she confessed inwardly that the Frenchwoman's comparison was largely justified. The country was undulating, presenting a series of curves in the landscape to which one could not apply the word hilly. Trees appeared here and there in dotted clumps as though planted in accordance with the design of a landscape gardener who wished his work to be viewed from nursery windows. Quaint little chalets, surrounded by gardens, and picturesque outhouses were dotted here and there, and it was almost with a sense of shock that one saw the cattle moving after the manner of cattle, action of any sort seemed so out of keeping with the picturesque toy-character of the scene.

It was but half an hour's journey to their destination, the pretty railway station of Schlossingen—it would have taken only a little more than twice the time to journey across the entire principality—and then Miss Howard, with labored step, and leaning heavily on the arm of her maid, alighted. She allowed herself to be led slowly to the waiting room, while her maid went to see to the luggage and to hire a fiacre.

While this mission was being undertaken, Philip Darrell, with a Saturday-to-Monday nonchalance, passed out of the station, careful to avoid any sign of recognition passing between him and Jeannette.

As a matter of fact, that volatile young person was busily occupied between attention to her mistress' requirements and admiration of the well-proportioned, handsome and over-dressed members of the Alsenburgian Guards who loitered about the station. Had this noble regiment of historical traditions been represented by one member only, Mademoiselle Blois would have found her task more difficult, the allurement would have been so much greater; but as Macheath in The Beggar's Opera found it difficult to employ his heart on a divided duty, the task was so complex when the allurements were so many that Mademoiselle Blois gave it up with a sigh of satisfaction and contentedly devoted herself to her prosaic duty.

On arrival at the residence of the Baroness Eckhardt they were received by a stately, severe-looking, but kindly housekeeper, who excused the non-appearance of her mistress on the assumption that her visitors after their tiresome journey would prefer to repair at once to their rooms before being received. Madame could have the services of the maid of Madame la Baronne if her own maid were fatigued, and so on. Miss Howard, however, soon accommodated herself to circumstances, and accepted the hospitality offered in a manner which enhanced its intended kindliness.

She needed seclusion and rest, not so much from the fatigue of the journey, as from the desire to become accustomed to her environment, to think out her plans, and to piece together the various circumstances of the imbroglio which had arisen so suddenly.

And so, in the natural order of things, it was arranged that she should meet the Baroness Eckhardt at luncheon as the introduced friend of the Grand Duke Frederic, prepared to meet the Count von Kaulimann—with whom, it was understood, her doings in Schlossingen should be arranged—at his convenience.

She was quite prepared to descend to the dining-room to luncheon when the summons to the midday meal reached her. It had the additional importance to her that it meant a meeting with the first great personage in Alsenburg who directly interfered in the cabal which sought to undermine the existing succession to the throne. From her she would learn much. In particular she would learn something of the manners which obtain in the world of high politics. It would prepare her, even if in a lesser degree, for the exalted role for which she had cast herself in the drama which was about to be enacted.

The door of the dining-room was opened for her by a man servant, and she entered unannounced. A lady in black, which contrasted strongly with her silver-gray hair, was standing by one of the windows. She turned as Minnie entered.

"Mees," she exclaimed, with a hospitable smile of welcome on her still handsome features; but it instantly changed into an expression of amazement. "Madame—Madame la Princesse!" she faltered.

"I think I am addressing the Baroness Eckhardt," said Minnie quietly. "But, certainly."

"Then surely, madame, you have learned of my coming from the Grand Duke, and know that my resemblance to the Princess Alicia is the cause of my being in Schlossingen."

"Yes, yes," returned the Baroness, still not recovered from her astonishment; "his highness mentioned a resemblance; but it is more than a resemblance, you are the counterpart of the princess."

"So much the better, madame, for the plans of his highness."

"His plans; I know nothing of them."

"I understood that you were in his highness' confidence, and that I can trust implicitly in you."

"Of course, of course," said the Baroness, advancing with outstretched hands. "Pardon me, Miss Howard, for not having welcomed you at once. I should have known that the duke would not have sent such an introduction of you as I have received, unless the circumstances were entirely exceptional. Still, I was not prepared for such a startling likeness to the princess."

"I do not think I should have been of much assistance to the duke's plans had the resemblance not been so great," replied Minnie demurely.

"Possibly not," acquiesced the Baroness; "but let me assure you, apart from all other considerations, that you are personally welcome, and that you must consider my house as your home while you honor me by remaining here."

"I thank you, Baroness," said Minnie, taking the seat which had been indicated to her. "My whole desire is to see how far I can help in maturing the aims which you and your friends have in view."

"About those," said the Baroness, "I know very little, beyond the fact that I am a loyal adherent of the duke, and that my house is at his service for the furtherance of his cause. You, probably, know more about the schemes which are now in hand than I do."

"And I, Baroness, know nothing. What, after all, can women do, but help men in their efforts! There is some one to whom we may look for guidance until the Grand Duke arrives."

"Yes?"

"I mean the Count von Kaulimann."

"The duke mentioned him in his note to me. He will be here to meet you about three this afternoon."

"Till then——"

"Till then, Miss Howard, we had better not bother our heads about la haute politique; have luncheon; let us remember that we are only a couple of women, and let me try to make Schlossingen agreeable to you."

The Baroness Eckhardt evidently was used by the Grand Duke's party mainly as a hostess, for Minnie readily discovered that she was not an active participant in any set design.

"We were all surprised, Miss Howard," said the Baroness, "at the news of the return of the princess. I called on the Duchess of Saxenhagen—because, although in opposite camps, etiquette demands concealment of all appearance of antagonism—but I could glean nothing of the reason for such a sudden proceeding. Do you know the cause of it?"

"I suspect the cause, Baroness, but I may be wrong."

"And the cause, Miss Howard?"

"If I am right, I think it is due to a diplomatic blunder on the part of the Grand Duke."

"Dear me," exclaimed the Baroness. "I trust the blunder is not serious."

"It is most certainly serious, if I am right, but I dare say we will be able to repair the error. The fact is, the Grand Duke and the Princess have both discovered me in London, and were surprised at the resemblance I bear to the Princess."

"Surprised!" ejaculated the Baroness; "I should think so indeed. They were amazed, I should say. And the blunder of the Grand Duke?"

"He sent some of my portraits, purchased in a photographic store, to the Prince, who no doubt mistook them for photographs of the Princess, assumed that she was guilty of unconventional if not risky conduct in London, and ordered her immediate recall."

"And the blunder, my dear?"

"The blunder was to acquaint the Prince of my existence. It was a card we should have held in reserve; but even now it may not prove serious. The trouble is that we do not see at the moment its effect."

Count von Kaulimann called punctually at the appointed hour and was received in private by the Baroness. Minnie remained in the drawing-room awaiting him. She was expectant, but was singularly devoid of nervousness. She expected to meet an old man, impressive in manner and dextrous in fencing speech, and she also expected that he would show his surprise at the likeness, which was her reason for being on Alsenburg.

When at length he entered with the Baroness, she found that she was right as regards his age, appearance and manner, but she was incorrect in anticipating that he would betray any surprise. When he advanced with outstretched hand, on being introduced by the Baroness, she might have been as unlike as she was like the Princess for any symptom of surprise which he manifested. And yet she knew that the steely gray eyes looking at her from underneath shaggy, overhanging eyebrows were scanning her every feature.

"I am very pleased to meet you, Miss Howard," he said, as they shook hands. "I trust your hurried journey has not fatigued you."

"Not at all, thank you," replied Minnie. "I am used to traveling."

"It is a great advantage. I was prepared for the likeness you bear to our Princess, both from a communication I have had from the Grand Duke, and also from what the Baroness told me just now. Indeed, I had an even greater preparation, for I had seen several of your photographs."

"Those, I suppose, which the Grand Duke sent over. I wondered why you did not show any surprise."

"And I am disappointed that I could not. It would be such a novel sensation to be surprised at anything."

"And yet, Count, Alsenburg is surely a land of surprises," said the Baroness.

"But even surprises stale by repetition and lose their effect. I presume, Miss Howard, you have matters to communicate to me which we should discuss."

"Only in a general way, Count. There are certain steps to be taken which I am commissioned by the Duke to communicate to you—"

"Then I will leave you alone," said the Baroness, "so that you may discuss them fully."

"One moment, Baroness," interposed the Count, as she was about to leave the room; "there is one thing we can settle at once. It will not do to have a visitor staying here with such an obviously English name as Miss Howard. I have ventured to invent a name which will not attract so much attention. If Miss Howard has no objection, I suggest that for the present, at any rate, she had better be known as the Countess von Arnheim."

Minnie flushed slightly. Already, by the assumption of this title, she was ascending the social ladder which had been an attraction for her.

"I have, of course, no objection, Count," she said; "and in any case, I should not think of questioning any course you advise."

"Then it is settled," said the Baroness. "I will let my household know that my guest is the Countess von Arnheim."

Count von Kaulimann sat at a center table, and folded his arms in front of him.

"And now, Countess, that we are alone, I place myself in your hands. The Duke has not communicated to me any plans which he may have formed since going to England."

"He has sent you his newest weapon—"

The Count nodded. "That, I understand, is your likeness to the Princess."

"Exactly. The Prince will not mature his plans until he meets you, but there are two things which should be done immediately."

The Count nodded.

"The first is to get Blois, the maid who is with me, into the Princess' service; the second is to instal me—secretly, of course—in the palace."

She paused, but the Count made no comment.

"I can trust the maid," Minnie went on, somewhat disconcerted by his calmness and silence; "and she will prove the best means of communicating with me."

"We will assume that these two things are done," said the Count, drumming the table with his fingers meditatively. "And then?"

"We must wait till the Duke is here, or until he sends you instructions. He told me that he can communicate with you in cipher."

"He can do so, but he has not done so."

"But he will; and if you can get the maid with the Princess, and get me in the palace, we shall be ready to carry out the Duke's plans at once."

"But I do not know the Duke's plans."

"Surely the great thing to do is to prevent the betrothal of the Princess to Prince Dietrich."

"Will your maid being with the Princess, and you yourself, Countess, in the palace prevent the betrothal?"

"It will. That is why I am in Alsenburg."

"How?"

"You must arrange meetings between me and the Prince when he arrives. I shall personate the Princess—he cannot possibly suspect the imposture owing to my likeness to the Princess; it will then be my task to send Prince Dietrich away. How I am to do this, I do not at present know."

"Is that the Duke's plan?"

"Yes."

"About the maid. I cannot force anyone on the Princess."

"But she will be glad to have Blois. Blois was her temporary maid in London. The Prince promised to send for her. The story is that Blois has taken temporary service so as to follow the Princess——"

"If the Prince is willing to have the woman the matter can be easily arranged; as for giving you apartments in the palace, there is no difficulty about that."

"Then we may consider the matter settled?" asked Minnie eagerly.

"If the Princess will have Blois—yes."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sketch Book.

Philip Darrell, having, as he supposed, arrived in Schlossingen as an unattached tourist, did not feel it incumbent upon him to refrain from the characteristics of the position, and so when he installed himself at the Hotel Kronzprinz, he wandered at will about the gay little city, satiating his national curiosity by observing scenes and people so new, strange and interesting to him, and making mental notes, as an artist, of much that would presently find a place in his notebook for future use.

It chanced that his arrival at the station was noticed by Major Scharr, attached to the Household Guards, and this observant officer was struck by the swinging stride and athletic garb of the young artist; and he also noticed with an amused smile mingled with tolerant contempt, that the entire luggage of the English newcomer—the unmistakable English newcomer—consisted of a haversack, which he carried with ease, until he resigned it to one of the street porters outside the station.

"Those English lunatics do not encumber themselves with luggage," said he with a sneer to a brother officer.

The soldier addressed looked after the artist with indifference.

"He is, no doubt, an English noble," was the comment. "If he were a parvenu he would have a van load of boxes and a troop of servants."

"Curious that he should leave England just now," said Scharr musingly. "I wonder why he has come to Alsenburg?"

"All the English are half mad," was the reply, as the officer turned away.

"So every one says—out of England," thought Scharr, who also remembered that their national poet had said something about a method in certain forms of madness.

Major Scharr was an adherent of the Grand Duke, and ambitious. The quiet domestic rule of Alexis was not to his liking; the limited opportunities of the little state fretted him. Under Frederic, should he come to the throne, there would be some stirring times, and an opening for men wishful for deeds. To do the major justice, it should be confessed that he did not regard the lurid epoch for which he longed as one of glitter without danger; but, on the contrary, he regarded the risks of a revolution as its most attractive feature. He was not insensible to the fact that a conflict between Alsenburg and such a powerful state as Germany—a very probable result of the longed-for revolution—must end in disaster to the minor power; but, like the mad career of a doomed gambler, the fight to the end would be a brilliant break to a monotony which had become unbearably tiresome. There was also the possibility that Germany would not be permitted to wreak her righteous wrath on Alsenburg. Nothing succeeds like success, and if once Frederic were firmly planted on the throne, other states might intervene and cause Germany to accept the new order which had replaced the old, apparently by the people's will.

A man of secret aim is ever watchful and such an incident as the arrival of an Englishman in Schlosingen on the very day that the English king was being crowned in London worried Major Scharr into much and mainly useless speculation. Eventually he dismissed it from his thoughts, unable to connect it in any way with the secret designs of the Revolutionary party.

He had forgotten the Englishman by the afternoon, when he was returning to his quarters in the ancient wing of the palace.

The Palace of Schlossingen was a picturesque, but disordered pile. If the truth must be told, the history of Alsenburg was even more vague and poetical in its records of the first Alexis of Alsenburg and his immediate successors than our own history is about the predecessors of Alfred the Great, and the portion of the palace towards which Major Scharr was directing his steps dated from this semi-mythical period.

It was, therefore, no wonder that its ancient aspect attracted the attention of Philip Darrell, who had asked to be directed to the palace, so that he might gaze on the abode of the woman he loved, and equally natural was it that he should ensconce himself in the corner of a low wall commanding an excellent view of the apparently crumbling old pile, with its sombre battlements and bastions, and proceed to transfer a few rough lines to his sketch book.

Major Scharr came on him suddenly and paused. The artist did not see him and proceeded leisurely with his sketching. The occupation or amusement was harmless in the extreme, but to Major Scharr everything was fraught with probabilities of importance.

What was this Englishman doing? This Englishman, who arrived in such an unprepared and studiously careless fashion at Schlossingen. Might he not be an emissary in the pay of Germany, and might not his coming be in some way connected with the approaching visit of Prince Dietrich?

Major Scharr made a slight detour, so as to escape meeting the mysterious stranger and hurrying to his quarters he sent a trusted servant to the spot, with instructions to watch he Englishman and report his movements.

The task was not difficult, as Darrell was blessed with a healthy appetite, and as soon as his rough sketches were completed he sauntered back to his hotel.

Scharr's servant easily ascertained all that was to be learned. The stranger had taken a room at the Hotel Kronprinz and was supposed to be an artist.

The hotel was a favorite rendezvous with the unattached of Schlossingen. In the afternoon and evening a small, but excellent band played in the courtyard. Major Scharr frequently met some of his old cronies there, and the younger officers he patronized; so that when, on learning these particulars from his servant, he went in hot haste to the hotel, his arrival did not excite surprise or comment.

His quarry was soon discovered, seated on one of the comfortable lounge chairs in the courtyard, listening to the band with lazy interest, sipping an iced lager occasionally with indolent enjoyment and smoking a huge cigar with unmistakable satisfaction.

Scharr eyed him narrowly from a safe distance, but it was impossible to read in the nonchalance of the stranger any subtle intention or design. On the other hand, the affectation of mere indolence was in itself suspicious.

Why should anyone come to Schlossingen to listen to a band? Why should so aimless and indolent a person as the stranger be so energetic, almost on the moment of his arrival, as to skulk in the precincts of the palace taking notes? True, he had not endeavored to conceal himself, but this might only be evidence of the subtlety of his plan. Sometimes the treasure under one's nose lies unobserved, while the thing that is carefully hidden is betrayed by the pains that have been taken to conceal it.

The Major was gloomily tugging at his mustache, weighing these various speculations, and failing to arrive at even a reasonable or plausible solution, when he was struck by a sudden inspiration and quickly entered the hotel.

He knew all the staff and summoned the one he deemed most likely to carry out his wishes.

"Wilhelm," said he to this man, "I want you to do me a great service."

"Oh, Major, you honor me," was the gratified reply.

"You know that a foreigner has taken a room in the hotel today?"

"Yes, Major; an Englishman. He is in the courtyard now listening to the band."

"That is he. I have my doubts about him, Wilhelm."

"Oh, sir; is he an anarchist?"

"I want to find out, Wilhelm. I saw him at the palace this afternoon making notes in a book—it seemed to me about this size. I want to see that book, Wilhelm. It may explain."

"But, sir——"

"It may be in his room, Wilhelm. Go and see. We must not stand on trifles when dealing with suspicious characters."

Wilhelm bowed and turned away dolicely. He learned the number of the man's room in the office, and proceeded on the Major's mission without question. His task was an easy one. The book lay on the dressing table in the Englishman's bedroom.

Before handing it to the Major, Wilhelm satisfied his own curiosity by examining it. It was full of little oddments of rough sketches. The lychgate of a country church, the head of a peasant girl almost hidden under a sunbonnet, a rustic bridge, a sleepy donkey, and so on; and then a few roughly filled in sketches of bits of the palace. A mere jumble of lines, but Wilhelm recognized the "bits" easily. What surprised him, however, was that here and there throughout the book were sketches of the beautiful Alicia, of whom all Alsenburgers were proud, however they might be disaffected with the reigning dynasty.

"It is only a picture book, Major," said he, when he returned to the impatient officer, and handed Darrell's sketch-book to him.

The Major took the book, and hurriedly turned over the leaves. He started when he came across a sketch of the Princess, and was visibly perplexed as he found the subject reproduced on so many different pages.

"Strange, Major, that he should have sketched our Princess."

"Very," assented the Major.

"Her highness has but just returned from England. I suppose the Englishman saw her over there. He cannot have seen her highness since he came to Schlossingen."

"That is true," said the Major musingly. "He saw her in London and made sketches of her. Can it be that he has followed her here?"

"That is it, you may rely on it, Major. Our Princess is so beautiful he, no doubt, wishes to paint her picture."

"It is quite a commonplace matter after all," said the Major, looking and feeling a little disgusted.

At that moment Darrell came in sight, lounging along the corridor with a lazy stride. As he appeared the Major acted on a speedy resolution.

"Pardon me, sir," said he. "I think it probable you may have dropped this."

He handed over the sketch-book as he spoke.

"Thank you," said Darrell, heartily. "It is mine. Strange, though; I could have sworn I left it in my bedroom. It is of no particular value; just a few rough sketches."

"In looking over the pages for some clue as to the ownership, I took the liberty of examining the sketches with interest. I was particularly struck with your sketches of our beautiful Princess."

"Oh," said Darrell, "they are not all sketches of the Princess Alicia"—and then he stopped suddenly, feeling that he should like to kick himself, for Schlossingen was not the place for him to speak of the likeness of Miss Minnie Howard, the original of the earlier sketches, and the Princess, the original of the later ones. Fortunately, Major Scharr had no suspicion of the interesting secret which was thus inadvertently betrayed, and he replied with a laugh —

"I am a sufficient connoisseur in art, sir, to know that I should not mistake a church, or a bridge, for instance, for her highness."

Darrell laughed heartily at the joke, which relieved his mind of the fear that he had blurted out a secret, which would imperil everything on which the future happiness of himself and the Princess depended.

(To Be Continued.)

FREE DEAFNESS CURE.

A remarkable offer by one of the leading ear specialists in this country, who will send two months' medicine free to prove his ability to cure Deafness, Head Noises and Catarrh. Address Dr. G. M. Branaman, 1251 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

Apple Boughs.

Oh, my heart goes sorrowing—here in this gray city,
Far away from friendly fields where apple blossoms blow;
There the country scents and sounds go drifting down the springtime—
Here is but the city's voice—the weary city's woe.

Night and day—all night and day—I hear the din of footsteps;
Seeking—always seeking—the tired feet come and go,
And oh, to smell the apple-boughs and sink to rest beneath them,
And hear across the meadow lands the sea a-booming low.

Over there I know a path with apple-blossoms covered,
Whose scent stills all the longing, all the unrest of the soul;
And a little stream flows by there through the sun and flickering shadows,
Whose murmur for a season brings oblivion of the goal.

My heart has heard the calling through the gray, care-ridden city—
Mine eyes have seen the falling of the blossoms through my dream;
I must fling behind me memories of cramped ambitions,
And seek me out an orchard path beside a murmuring stream.

—Edna Valentine Trapnell, in Success Magazine.

Locating a Broken Wire.

Montreal Standard.

When a telegraph wire is broken or damaged, say, several hundred miles away, how does the operator, sitting in his office, know exactly where the accident occurred?

The explanation is simple. It requires, as everyone knows, considerable force to send electricity through a wire. The longer the wire the greater, of course, must be the force required. This force is measured in units called by electricians "ohms." Let us suppose that a wire between a Montreal office and a point 150 miles away has broken somewhere. The telegrapher knows that when the wire was intact there were required, say, 2,100 ohms to facilitate the current, or 14 ohms to the mile. He now finds that he can send a current with only 700 ohms. Dividing 700 by 14, he finds that the break in the wire is 50 miles from his end.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I wonder if there is a woman reader of the Farmstead who can tell me what will take mildew out of white lawn dresses? Please answer at once.—Mrs. C., Underwood, Ind.

I have a hog that is broken down in the hips. It is entirely helpless. It eats heartily. Some people think the trouble is caused by kidney worms. Would be pleased to know what is the matter, and would like to have a remedy.—P., Lexington, N. C.

LUMPY JAW

Here is a treatment given in a farm paper for lumpy jaw: For an ordinary sized animal give 1½ drams of iodide of potassium daily in one dose dissolved in a pint of water. When improvement is noticed, which should be in eight or ten days, decrease the dose to one dram daily. Do not be alarmed at the discharge from the nose, weeping from the eyes and peeling from the skin, as these conditions follow the use of the iodide and do not result in any serious disturbance of the health.—D., Cal.

KEROSENE EMULSION

I read in last week's issue of The Blade that somebody wanted a recipe for making kerosene emulsion. I am sending a recipe with which I have had experience, and I know it is helpful. Here it is: Hard soap, ½ pound; boiling water, 1 gallon; coal oil, 2 gallons. Dissolve the soap in the water, pour in the coal oil and churn or beat together briskly with a paddle for at least ten minutes. Dilute from ten to twenty-five times before applying. Use it strong for scale insects. Kerosene emulsion destroys insects which suck, such as plant lice, red spiders, etc. It will also kill cabbage worms, caterpillars, and all insects with soft bodies.—C., Marble Valley, Ala.

HOG LICE

To the man who wanted a remedy for hog lice: I wish to say that if farmers and others who have lousy hogs will grease them with fresh lard they will have no more trouble. I have had experience and I guarantee a cure or you may take my head for a football.—C., Carrollton, Mich.

LIQUID MANURE

No matter how fertile and well enriched the garden soil may be, there are always a few plants whose freedom of bloom or tropical luxuriance depend upon a weekly or semi-weekly drink of liquid manure, and a well-arranged manure barrel is sure to pay for the trouble of its installation. The best place for the establishment of the plant is at a point as convenient to the garden and as accessible to water as possible. If within reach of the hose so that it may be filled from that source, so much the better.

Only a sound, perfectly water-tight barrel should be used—an oil or molasses barrel being the best—and this should be well hooped and thoroughly painted inside and out, as the presence of the manure and water inside causes rapid deterioration if no protective coating is provided. A position shielded from the sun is advisable, says a writer in the Country Gentleman, as the hot rays during long summer days are apt to start a leak in the barrel, which will prove annoying if not disastrous. The barrel should be set on a raised platform—a stout box or other elevation, and then bricks should be placed on top of the support for the barrel to rest on, letting the rim of the bottom, not the bottom itself, rest on the bricks. This is in order hat the air may circulate freely beneath it and insure it against decay which would be certain to result were it set flat on the box.

The barrel must be fitted with a reliable spigot, a molasses gate is best, which should be set in the side two or three inches from the bottom. An armful of straw should be placed in the bottom of the barrel to act as a filter to the manure water and keep the manure from clogging up the spigot.

USE OF SOOT

Soot, freely sprinkled among the rows of young onion plants is one of the best preventives of mildew and onion fly.

EARTH FOR BROODERS

The widely known Kansas City poultry man, Ernest Kellerstrass, has discovered and put into practice a new means of preventing the common large mortality of brooder chicks. The remedy is so simple that at first thought it appears almost ridiculous. It consists only in the use of black soil on the floor of the brooder.

Mr. Kellerstrass, by accident one day, two or three years ago, noticed that a piece of earth placed on the floor of a brooder was quickly worked on by the chicks. They stood on it and scratched on it in preference to the wooden floor of the brooder. The entire floor of the brooder was then covered with sod, and it was found that the chicks on the sod-covered floor were stronger, freer of disease and thrived better in every way than chicks in brooders with no earth covering for the floors. From this experiment the idea was evolved that earthen floors were the proper kind for young chicks, and continued experiments were made on a large scale.

The black earth floor was tried with 25,000 chicks and proved so successful that less than 5 per cent of the chicks using the earth floor died, while statistics show that about 40 per cent of ordinary brooder-raised chicks die.

The idea of Mr. Kellerstrass is that board floors are too hard and unnatural for the feet of young chicks, and that soil is a soft and natural floor for them. By standing on the board floor the chicks acquire leg weakness, that results in the white bowel trouble and a general weakening of the young birds. With loose, dry soil as a floor, the chicks will early learn to scratch and become active. Through scratching and exercise the birds grow strong and hence more resistent to disease. Through exercise all of the vital organs are made strong and susceptibility to disease is reduced to a minimum.

To provide black soil or loam for the brooders the material is secured from the garden or fields in the autumn, when the ground is dry and light. The soil is stored dry in boxes till the brooding season opens in late winter or early spring. Before new chicks are placed in the brooder the floor to the brooder is covered with a few inches of loose soil thoroughly warm. As soon as the earth becomes foul it is cleaned out and replaced with new earth every few days. A wagon load of this dry soil collected in the fall and stored will serve for raising several hundred chicks. For the small breeder only a few barrelfuls would be needed. If this new remedy proves as successful as it is claimed to be it will almost revolutionize the poultry business.

SAN JOSE SCALE

In Bulletin 179 of the Virginia experiment station, J. L. Phillips reports results in co-operative orchard tests with home-made soluble oils for use against the San Jose scale. His conclusions are as follows:

Home-made soluble oils are recommended for trial in place of the lime-sulphur wash, under certain conditions. Further tests must be made before we can recommend them unreservedly. For general orchard spraying the lime-sulphur is probably more satisfactory.

The various prepared or patented brands of soluble oils cost about three times as much as the home-made product containing the same percentage of oil. Our tests indicate that the home-made oil is as effective as the prepared oil. The cost of the home-made oil is about the same as the cost of lime-sulphur.

The home-made soluble oil is more practicable for the commercial orchardist than for the man who has only a few trees, unless one person will make the material for a neighborhood.

It is not quite as troublesome and disagreable to make soluble oil at home as it is to make lime-sulphur.

Apply the soluble oil spray only in the dormant season. The trees should not be pruned before they are sprayed, as the oil may injure the cut surfaces, unless they are painted.

The home-made soluble oil spray is recommended for trial against the San Jose scale, and the maple scale. It is not recommended for use against the scurfy scale.

VENTILATING STABLES

Horses and cows are in the stable at night for rest. When the weather is warm the atmosphere in close confinement becomes very warm and oppressive, so much so that the animals become very uncomfortable, and hence fail to get proper rest. The horse that does not get proper rest is not in a good condition for heavy work the following day, and the cow that does not sleep in a cool, restful place in hot weather will not give a full flow of milk. The temperature of the working or producing animal must be kept normal to give best results. If there are no windows in your stables, cut out a number now and let light and fresh air come for the health and comfort of the animals.

There is nothing like plenty of good fresh air in living and sleeping rooms, whether the rooms be for the occupancy of man or for animals. This holds good for both winter and summer.

BORDEAUX MIXTURE

The Bordeaux mixture is the proper remedy to use for all fungous troubles; viz., mildew and rust of beans; potato and tomato rot and leaf-blight; melon and cucumber diseases; celery leaf-blight and rust, etc. The half-strength mixture (two pounds copper sulphate, two pounds quicklime, fifty gallons water) is strong enough to use in the vegetable garden, except for potatoes.

CARE OF OLD FOWLS

Not so many things are essential in the care of poultry, but these things must be done regularly and in the best possible way. Houses must have removable roosts that do not come within six inches of the wall on any side, in order to avoid mites—the greatest pest we have to contend with in the summer care of the fowls. We are not so much to be dreaded, and must be bad indeed if a good dust bath and a clean house will not reduce their numbers so they will do no harm. Because of the fact that mites increase in number so rapidly, and make the fowls so miserable when on the roosts, we must avoid them or rid the house of them if we wish healthy fowls.

Dropping boards, while not a necessity, are a help to cleaning the house, and we are apt to clean more frequently if we have them. As mites breed in the droppings and in all joints and cracks, by keeping the roosts from touching the house, it is impossible for the mites to get from the cracks in the side of the house to the hens or their roosts at night. It is better if the droppings are removed every day, and they should never remain longer than a week in the house during warm weather. Sprinkle dust under the roosts. Lime would be better, did it not injure the fertilizing properties of the droppings. Neither lice nor mites thrive in dust. A liberal supply of kerosene on the roosts, especially where they join the supports, is a great aid in ridding the house of mites. Whitewash once a month, or oftener, during the summer, putting a little crude carbolic acid in the wash. By using a spray pump, or an old broom, every part of the house can be reached and the cracks filled. If you are troubled to any extent with mites in the house, pour a little gasoline on the roosts while out of doors and set fire to them. If only a little is used, the whole surface will be burned over and every mite and egg killed.

Where fowls have free range, as they should have during the summer, they will pick up the greater part of their living. A little grain should always be fed, and grit and oyster shell always kept before them. Charcoal, while not a necessity, is good for them. Many flocks suffer for it during warm weather. If a fountain is not provided, at least, have a clean trough placed in the shade and filled frequently.

If for any reason one can not leave the doors and windows of a poultry house open during the warm nights, provide screens either of poultry netting or old wire screen for both doors and windows. Because so much has been said of the care of the older fowls, do not infer that the chicks may be neglected. A house or coop large enough for twenty or thirty young chicks is considered by their owner to be large enough when these same chicks are three months old. A little study of the matter will often convince him that such is not the case. Either provide more coops or partition the poultry house, and let the chicks have part of it. Provide screens for the doors of the brood coops. You can not expect to have thrifty young stock where they are crowded in hot summer nights in a house having no ventilation. As soon as the young are able to fly to low perches, provide them. They need be only a few inches from the floor, and will serve to keep the chicks from crowding and overheating. For the chicks, also, pure, cool water in a clean vessel is necessary and should be given many times on hot days.

I su

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

UNDERGROUND VILLAGE

Wonderful Place Is Found in Austrian Poland.

Deep in the salt mines of the hamlet of Villiczka, in Austrian Poland, some eleven miles from Cracow, lies a veritable underground village which dates way back to the days when slaves first opened these mines in 1334. It is a busy subterraneon human hive, all the busier in contrast with the sleepy hamlet above. In fact, all the life of the settlement is concentrated below ground. The air is clean and the temperature is that of a warm spring day. The center of the mine is situated in a sort of court which forms a railway station. Here all the railway lines which interest this huge mine meet. Men and women go above ground to do their marketing, and meet in this court on their return to gossip and compare their bargains. Children play about in the shade of the grottos and sail boats in the gutters, running with salt water. These gutters were made hundreds of years ago to get rid of the moisture which runs from the upper floors of the mine, and lead down to the very bottom, forming a huge salt lake, the water of which is gradually pumped off and distilled to obtain salt. So difficult and expensive is it to light up the whole mine, that visitors must make up a party of at least thirty and pay various sums according to their number. No less than 380 steps lead down to the second floor of the mine, just over the salt lake, and it is there that the chapel of St. Anthony stands. It is hewn out of solid rock, and measures over eight yards long and seven yards wide, and the altar is six yards deep. The whole chapel, pillars, altar, candlesticks and statues, are cut out of crystal salt. In the corridor, between this chapel and a smaller one, is the statue of St. Cuneguids, the patroness of those who work underground, and on feast days a huge candelabrum of salt, containing three hundred candles hangs before it. In this underground town, which measures four kilometers long and one kilometer wide, live over eight hundred men and their families. Here children are born and die old men. Beyond a dimness of vision, the people's health is good and accidents are rare. When the men are too old to work with the pick, they make souvenirs in salt, scarcely distinguishable from marble.

A Little Love Song.

When on my couch reclining,
Buried in pillows and night,
There hovers then before me
A form of grace and light.

As soon as quiet slumber
Has closed my weary eyes,
Then softly does the Image
Within my dream arise.

But with my dream at morning,
It never melts away;
For in my heart I bear it
Through all the livelong day.
—Heine.

Investigating Express Companies.

Springfield Republican.

The Canadian government is also looking into the matter of express company charges through a commission. It finds that the Canadian Express Company is earning over 100 per cent yearly on visible assets of $212,700—having started with a capital paid in of only $27,520. The Dominion Express company, incorporated at $100,000, of which only $24,500 was ever paid in, now has property valued at $392,000 whereon the net annual profit is 92 per cent. The Canadian Northern Express company, with an issued capital of $300,000, of which only $5,000 was paid for in cash, has property valued at $26,000 and net annual earnings of $57,000, or 150 per cent.

Decrease in British Baptists.

London Standard.

According to The Baptist Handbook there were last year in the United Kingdom connected with the Baptist denomination 3,046 churches, 4,124 chapels, 1,450,352 chapel seats, 424,008 members, 58,687 Sunday school teachers, 578,344 Sunday scholars, 5,615 local preachers and 2,078 pastors in charge. As compared with similar statistics in 1907, there was a decrease in church membership of 5,869, in Sunday school teachers of 115, in scholars of 8,816, in local preachers of 70, and in pastors of 55. Churches have increased in number by 29 and chapels by 45, while additional seating accommodation has been provided for 23,451 persons.

A Matter of Business.

A man who does book reviews for an Indianapolis paper found himself one day in the hands of a barber who was seemingly of more or less a literary turn. Having in some way ascertained that his new client was interested in books, the barber, casting about for a topic of conversation said:

"Beg pardon, sir, but have you read Mr. Booth Tarkington's new book?"

"Just now," replied the surprised reviewer. "Are you interested in a book by Henry James. Do you read him?"

"I've never heard of him, sir," said the barber.

"Never heard of Henry James! That's queer. Why, he's much better known than Booth Tarkington."

"Perhaps so, sir," came from the tonsorialist, "but then you see, sir, "I frequently shave Mr. Tarkington."

An Antidote for Suicide.

Atchison Globe.

They tell of an Atchison girl who thought her heart was broken. She was so convinced of it that she began reading up on deadly poisons, and cried softly to herself over the thoughts of an early death. At this juncture a friend sent her a box of chocolates. She ate one; life looked a little brighter. She ate another; why not put off that death till next week? She ate a third, and forgot she ever had a trouble. All of which is proof of the claim of an Atchison physician that when people are morbid and unhappy the most effective cure is something to eat. No one, he says, can long for death while engaged in chewing something palatable. The man who talks suicide should be given a beefsteak instead of advice.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; nor prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

MONTANA

What can you tell of Montana concerning the agricultural conditions?—R. L., Baltimore, Md.

The soil is adapted for grazing, but a large part may be used for farming if irigated. The springs are rainy, the summers are clear and dry, the autumns are delightful, and the winters are clear and bracing. The climate of Montana is very beneficial to health, owing to the absence of high humidity. The hot days sometimes blister the skin, but the nights will be cool enough to require blankets. The lands are of three general classes—the bottom lands near the streams, with rich, black, alluvial soil; the bench lands, whose soil is a sandy loam, capable of wide range of cultivation, and the high bluffs, suitable largely for grazing. The agricultural crops are corn, wheat, oats, barley, hay and forage, rye, dry peas and potatoes.

CARNEGIE HERO FUND

Will you please tell something concerning the Carnegie hero fund?—J. T. P., Lebanon, Ky.

In April, 1904, Andrew Carnegie created a fund of $5,000,000 for the benefit of the dependents of those losing their lives in efforts to save their fellow men, or for the heroes themselves if injured only. Provision was also made for the awarding of medals to those who did heroic acts. The endowment was placed in the hands of a commission of twenty-one persons, all residents of Pittsburg, Pa. Charles L. Taylor is president and F. M. Wilmot, secretary and manager of the fund. Mr. Carnegie outlined the scheme for the fund in a letter to the commission. It was as follows: "To place those following peaceful vocations who have been injured in heroic effort to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until able to work again. In case of death the widow and children or other dependents are to be provided for until she remarries, and the children until they reach a self-supporting age. For exceptional children, exceptional grants may be made for exceptional education. Grants in terms of money may be also made to heroes or heroines as the commission thinks advisable—each case to be judged by its merits.'

The fund applies only to acts performed in the United States, the Dominion of Canada, the Colony of Newfoundland, and the waters thereof, and such must have been performed on or after April 15, 1904. Address all communications to the secretary.

EDWARD W. HOCH

Please give a short biography of Edward W. Hoch.—J. D. S., Lanesboro, Pa. Pa.

Edward Wallis Hoch, the governor and journalist, was born in Danville, Kentucky, March 17, 1849. He was educated in the public schools and the preparatory department of the Central college in his native town. May 23, 1876, he married Sarah Louisa Dickerson in Marion, Kansas. Since 1874 he has been editor and proprietor of the Marion (Kansas) Record. From 1889 to 1893 he was a member of the Kansas house of representatives, being speaker pro tem. in the last year. He was elected governor of that state in 1905, holding the office for two terms until January 1909.

ASSAY OFFICES

Please tell where the assay offices of the United States are located? What would be the cost in having gold analyzed?—L. P., Church Hill, Tenn.

The assay offices in this county are located at Boise City, Idaho, Helena, Montana; Denver Colorado; Seattle, Washington; San Francisco, California; Charlotte, North Carolina; St. Louis, Missouri, and New York City. Any one wishing to have gold or silver assayed in quantity or wishing to sell to the government, may present his property at the assay office, where it may have the metal reduced and made into bars, or, if he prefers, he may sell his bullion to the government. The charge for doing the work is merely nominal, and based on the actual cost. These offices are run by the government and all reports are true concerning the value of the metal, which may be presented in any form, whether ore, coin, jewelry or in any other shape.

HELIOCENTRIC

What is the meaning of the term heliocentric? Tell what the theory is.—B. L. W. Burlington, N. C.

Heliocentric is the term applied to the Copernican theory, that the sun is the center of the solar system. Copernicus, the great astronomer, was the originator of this theory. It is in opposition to the Ptolemaic system, which was geocentric, that is, that the earth is the center of the solar system. In modern astronomy the word is applied to calculations in which the sun is referred to as center of the planetary chart. Thus the heliocentric place of the planet is the position it would occupy at a given time when calculated from a point of view in the center of the sun.

BRET HARTE

Will you print in these columns a biography of Bret Harte?—G. S. M., Chetopa, Kan.

Francis Bret Harte, poet and realistic writer, was born in Albany, N. Y., August 25, 1839. He had an ordinary school education, and in 1854 went to California with his mother. There he drifted from school teaching to the printer's case, to mining and back again to the case, where he composed and himself set up his first newspaper article, in 1857. In 1860 he went to Francisco and became a compositor in the office of the Golden Era. It was then he began to write clever sketches of frontier life, which were published anonymously. They attracted attention and Harte left the case to devote his whole attention to writing. In 1864 he was appointed secretary at the United States branch mint and held the office for six years, writing poems meanwhile for the San Francisco papers that attracted wide attention, among them "John Burns, of Gettysburg," "The Society Upon the Samislaus," "The Pliocene Skull," and others. He organized and began editing The Overland Monthly in July, 1868, and the second issue contained "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the first of his famous mining camp stories. In September of 1870 appeared his "Plain Language from Truthful James," popularly known as "The Heathen Chinese." It was in 1870 that he was appointed professor of recent literature in the University of California, which place he resigned a year later, and settled in New York. In 1878 he was appointed consul to Crefeld, Germany, and in 1880 was transferred to Glasgow, Scotland, where he continued till 1885. After that he remained abroad, and finally made his permanent home at Lancaster Gate, London, where he died on the night of May 5, 1902.

DISCOVERY OF COAL

When was coal first discovered?—C. G. Y., Rockwell, Tex.

Coal was first discovered in America by a Catholic priest, Father Henepin, in 1669, in what is now the state of Illinois. He published his journal in 1698, which contained a map illustrating his travels, and made special mention of a coal bed on the Illinois river, where the coal was exposed to view along the banks. In 1775 and later the coal mines near Richmond, Va., were used for the purpose of manufacturing shot and shell for the American army. However, bituminous coal was first mined in a systematic way in the Pittsburg coal region. William Penn granted the privilege of mining in the coal mines fronting the rivers in 1684 20 years after the city of Pittsburg had been laid out. The existence of the anthracite deposits of Pennsylvania was known in 1768, and in 1768 it was used at a blacksmith's forge by two brothers, who were the first to utilize it in this manner. For some time it was only used by blacksmiths, as it was difficult to ignite, and it was then believed that a bellows was necessary in order to use this coal as a fuel. In 1808 Judge Jesse Fell, of Wilkesbarre, used this coal in a parlor grate. This success of the experiment traveled about and people from all parts of the state came to see the "stone coal" burning in a parlor grate. In 1814 this same kind of coal was sold in Philadelphia for $14 per ton. The first shipment of the anthracite coal to a distant market was sent down the Susquehanna river in 1775 to the government armory at Carlisle. No organized effort was made to mine it, however, until 1793, when the Lehigh Coal company was formed to work the deposits near Mauch Chunk.

HANDEL

Will the Question Bureau give a short sketch of Handel?—H. J. M., Middletown, Ill.

George Frederick Handel was one of the greatest musical composers and musicians, though a native of Germany, he spent so large a portion of his life in England, where he composed his greatest works, that Britain may almost claim him as her own. He was born at Halle, Upper Saxony, February 23, 1684. He manifested in infancy an extraordinary passion for music, and at the age of 7, having accompanied his father on a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, he found his way to an organ, where he was heard by the duke, who remonstrated with his father, who had been opposing the bent of the child's genius. In 1698 he was sent to Berlin, where the Elector of Brandenburg was so impressed with his talents that he wished to send him to Italy. As his father would not accept this offer he returned to Halle, whence, on the death of his parents, he went to Hamburg in 1703. Here he played a violin in the orchestra of the opera, and was soon its director. He now composed his first opera, Almira, which was rapidly followed by Nero and Florinda. In Florence he composed Rodrigo, 1709. At Rome he was received by Cardinal Ottoboni's, where he heard Corelli, and beat him with his own violin for not playing to suit him in his Il Trionfo del Tempo. In 1710 he returned to Germany, where he was appointed chapel-master to the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. At the close of the same year he went to England, where he was patronized by Queen Anne and the nobility. He composed Rinaldo, Pastor Fido and, in 1715, Amadis da Gaula. A Royal Academy of Music for the cultivation of the opera was formed in 1720, and, after some competition, was placed under Handel's management. This undertaking, and other opera speculations in which he was engaged, proved very unsuccessful. Handel lost $50,000, and was compelled to retire to Aix la Chapelle on account of his health. In the end of 1741 he went to Dublin, where his Messiah, composed in that year, was produced for charitable purposes. He remained in Dublin about nine months, and received a generous support. From this time success attended all his undertakings. On his return to London he composed his Samson; and the Messiah was performed for the benefit of the Foundling hospital. It was repeated annually for the same purpose, and from 1749-77 brought to that charity $51,500. Handel became blind, but he still composed, and played on the organ, being led to his seat, and forward to receive the plaudits of the audience. He assisted at the performance of one of his oratories, April 6, and died 1759, on Good Friday, as he wished, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

PEAT

Please tell all you know about peat.—A. H. O., West Willow, Pa.

Peat is the partially decomposed remains of vegetation that accumulate in places which are all the time wet. The mass consists of matted roots, leaves and stems of plants, the forms of which are sometimes distinctly preserved, and at others are lost in the mucky substance produced by their decomposition. It forms layers several feet thick, and in some places these layers are repeated with layers of sand between. There are immense bodies of peat in Ireland; it also abounds in Scotland and on the continent of Europe along the coast of the North sea. It is found in America in Newfoundland and Labrador. On Anticosti island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is plain covered with peat, more than 90 miles long, with an average breadth of two miles and from three to ten feet thick. Peat is also found in small quantities in bogs in northern New York, in New England, and in Iowa, Minnesota and Canada. It is found only in the temperate zones, where the climate is moist and the subsoil is impervious to water. It is found in the southern hemisphere below the latitude of 45 degrees south.

Peat differs greatly in color and quality. Some peats are gray, some red or black, but the majority are a snuff color or brown-red. It also varies greatly in weight and consistence. Some varieties are compact, shrinking greatly in drying and yield tough dense masses, which burn readily and make excellent fuel; others are light and porous. Some are almost free from mineral matter, and leave but little ash when burned; others contain considerable lime or iron, or sand and clay. The nature of the vegetation from which they are produced has much effect their character.

Peat is valuable as a fertilizer and as a fuel. For the latter purpose, the best is that which has the least undecomposed vegetablye matter and is free from sand, clay or other mineral. Of this the best peat from 500 to 900 pounds must be dug and dried to furnish 100 pounds of dry fuel. It is cut from the bog in "sods," 18 to 20 inches long, 4 or 5 inches broad and 3 inches thick. These "sods" are laid out to dry, then stacked so the air can circulate between them, until they are fit to burn. In southeastern Germany and Austria peat is extensively used as fuel in iron furnaces. It can be burned for household use in open grates, close stoves, furnaces and ranges.

THE CORN LAWS

Please tell what the corn laws are.—M. N. H., Hyde, Mich.

Corn laws, the name popularly given to certain statutory enactments, which had for their object a restriction of the trade in grain. The English corn laws date back as far as the year 1360, in the reign of Edward III., before this period there seems to have been a general rule carried into effect by the crown against the exportation of any grain, and the act of 1360 enacts the prohibition, but at the same time except Calais and Gascoigne, with any other places which the king may appoint by a license, from its operation. In 1393 the arrrangement was reversed and the right to export was made general, except to those places to which it was prohibited by royal proclamation. An act of 1436 permitted exportation when the price of wheat did not exceed 6s 8d per quarter. Hitherto there seems to have been no prohibitions against importation, but in 1463 an act was passed prohibiting it so long as the price at home was below 6s 8d, at which price there was free importation. The next change was in the reign of Henry VIII, when an act of 1534 prohibited all exportation except by license specially granted under the great seal. This act was not found to work well, and twenty years later the previous arrangement was adopted of allowing exportation when the price had reached a certain point.

The subsequent legislation for some time merely changed the price at which exportation might begin, generally enlarging it. After years of legislative attempts at adjustment, the Corn law was repealed in 1846.

MISCELLANEOUS

M. L. A., Summer Hill, Ill.: The last total eclipse of the sun occurred June 17, 1909. However, it was not visible everywhere.

E. W. R., Allen, Wyo.: Lightning depends on the atmospheric conditions, and if these conditions are not right there is no lightning or thunder.

C. C. C., Caldwell, O.: We can only have frost when the temperature is below the freezing point of water.

F. G. T., Herrick, Pa.: We know of no newspaper in Topeka called the Ledger.

H. H. S., Columbia Cross Roads, Pa.: Write to the board of public service or similar board in any large city for the information you desire.

G. T., Downington, O.: The primary election law of Ohio went into effect January 1, 1909. For the Bureau to print the law is out of the question. It is too lengthy.

M. D., Stockbridge, Mich.: There is no law against the President of the United States leaving the country while in office.

Waste of Ignorant Haste.

Philadelphia Record.

We may get cheaper news print paper when we are able to secure from wood pulp its full value as raw material. The Boston Herald says: "A chemist has demonstrated to the owners of pulp mills on the Au Sable river that 60 per cent of the weight of pulp wood which has been turned into the river as waste, and which has polluted the waters of this stream and of Lake Champlain, has a by-product value almost as great as that of the pulp manufactured from the other 40 per cent." Little by little we are finding out the wastefulness of our ignorant haste in developing the vast natural resources of the country. The by-products of the cotton plant have nearly doubled the value of the cotton crop. The same thing is true of crude petroleum. We are slowing coming to an understanding of the frightful waste of coal as a result of slovenly methods of use. The pollution of the air we breathe as well as of the water we drink is largely the result of reckless disregard of well-known scientific methods and of sanitary precaution at an annual monetary sacrifice of staggering proportions.

IMPRESSIONS GAINED IN AEROPLANE FLIGHT

Mrs. Frank Belleville, in the Queen.

To fly in an aeroplane! For such a long time to go up in one had been my dream; a sort of unattainable desire, remote and impossible, for, although I had once made an ascent in a balloon with Mr. John Dunville and Mr. Ker Seymour, I had no idea that I should ever be lucky enough to soar in an aeroplane.

And this is how it all came about in Rome the other day. When we heard that Mr. Wilbur Wright was giving a series of exhibitions in the aeroplane, which he built and sold to the Italian government for £1000 (having also undertaken for a further sum to instruct Lieutenant Calderara in the art of flying), we at once asked some Roman friends to procure us the necessary tickets admitting us to the improvised enclosure at Centocelle, where we could see the actual start, the working of the aeroplane, and the finish much better than standing at a distance in the crowd outside the enclosure, where the experiments are only discernible when the aeroplane is high overhead.

To obtain these coveted tickets we had to be elected to the Aero club, to become members of which we paid 50f. each (and men pay 100f); but it was well worth any money to be able to stand close by the aeroplane and watch all the interesting maneuvers of the start, and the beautiful accuracy of the descent.

We were told that all the ladies in Rome were dying to go up with Mr. Wright, but that he had sternly refused to take any of them, until at last he was persuaded to give one lady a trip in the aeroplane, and, as to choose one of so many was an invidious task, it was decided that a ballot should take place, and the winning lady should make a triumphant flight. I little dreamed that I would be the fortunate one, and we were sitting in the restaurant of the Grand Hotel, quietly having lunch, when our Roman friends rushed in and told me that mine was the winning number. I had won the ballot, and was asked to choose my own day for the aero flight. As I was only staying a few days longer in Rome, I asked that it might be as soon as possible, and in the meantime I thought and dreamt of nothing else.

But even when the day was fixed I did not know until the last moment at what hour the trip was to be made. I wish I could describe the place. Centocelle, the maneuvering ground, is a large green plain, like the Champs de Mars, stretching right away to the mountains, and about three miles distant from the Gates of Rome. The little roped-off inclosure was arranged in a portion of the vast plain and there we found on the eventful day a large crowd of spectators, to whom I was for the occasion an object of interest, and I felt that I the most envied woman present, for I really was the first woman of any nationality to fly in Italy, and I believe also the first Englishwoman in any country.

I was taken up to Mr. Wright (who on that day, to obtain the necessary impetus for his start, took off in the aeroplane from a small natural hillock), and was introduced to him as the fortunate winner. After he had asked me whether I was English, I anxiously inquired how soon we should start, and he told me, to my chagrin, that I should have to wait at least an hour, as he had first of all to take up two or three men who had also drawn winning numbers in the ballot. He added that he wanted to make quite sure that the machine was in perfect flying order before taking me with him, and he finished up by saying kindly: "As you are English, I know you won't fuss!"—which I took as a great compliment.

So we stood and watched the wonderful aeroplane making its graceful flights, hovering like a great bird at times, and at others skimming along the ground just above the surface, like a swallow then again rising and flying high over our heads, whilst we applauded our hands and shouted our admiration.

The first passenger to ascend with Mr. Wright that day was the Duca di Gallese, who afterwards declared he found the sensation of flying delicious, and the only unpleasant feeling he experienced was in the descent, which he likened to coming down in a lift. Signor Maraini, a member of parliament, went up next, and they described two circles in the air, but after this descent there seemed to be something amiss with the machinery, and, oh! how anxious and alarmed I was lest, after all, my longed-for flight should not take place. But I was reassured in a few moment by seeing the aeroplane being safely dragged up the slight incline ready for another start. The third passenger was Signor Marcello Orilla, the well-known sportsman, and then came my turn.

I was so afraid of being passed over that I hastily pushed my way to the aeroplane and said: 'I hope you have not forgotten me?" Mr. Wright laughingly dispelled my fears, and showed me how to climb into the aeroplane, which was no easy matter; indeed, he literally pushed and half lifted me into my place in order to avoid any chance of my injuring the many wires and strings that hung round, barring my way, all of which were of vital importance. Once I had clambered safely into the frail structure I found myself seated on a part of the framework which I can only liken to a broad shelf; my feet hung over the edge, and Mr. Wright told me to rest them against a projecting bar, and to cling to one of the wooden supports close beside me if I felt in need of support. He then tied my skirts around by ankles with a thin cord, and we were ready to start. His last orders were imperative; I was not to speak to him, and on no account to raise my arms—not even if my hat was blowing off—lest in doing so I should come in contact with an important string which was fastened from side to side in front of my face like a bar, and on which, I believe, depended the action of the motor.

As I settled myself on my perch I looked up at Mr. Wright and said: "Please take me as high, as fast and as long as you can!" At this he smiled, and when I added that I hoped I was seated as he wished he told me that I had given him far less trouble than his men passengers.

Then they started the engine, which set in motion a propeller, that I can best describe as an enormous electric fan, projecting from the back of the aeroplane. Mr. Wright then let go the brake, and we proceeded down the slight incline, being pushed to the end of the track to get the necessary impetus to rise in the air, and so far it felt just like going down the water chute at Earl's Court.

Then I realized that we were going higher and higher over the heads of the spectators, who receded from us and looked like mere specks in the distance; I saw that people were clapping and apparently cheering, but I could hear nothing except the roar of the engine. I believe, in point of fact, we did not attain a greater altitude than that of some very high hotels, but it seemed to me much higher. I was tremendously impressed with the wonderful power of that strange invention, which seemed so flimsily flung together, and yet, under the guidance of Mr. Wilbur Wright, acted like some tamed wild thing, answering to his touch and sensible of his control. As I looked round me at the marvelous construction in which we both were seated—with nothing between us and eternity except a few planks and a prop to our backs—I could not help likening it in my mind to a rook's nest, made untidily of sticks, and welded together in what looks like a haphazard fashion, and which yet is strong enough to stand the strain of high winds in tall trees, and to bear the burden of many young birds. The aeroplaine, which I cannot pretend to understand scientifically, has the same unfinished appearance, and seems to be blown together, just a number of planks and shafts and nothing more, except the engine—and yet what lifting power, what accurate direction it possesses, and what strength to bear the weight of a heavy motor and two passengers. On we flew. I felt no oscillations. We simply seemed to cleave the air like some monster bird in steady flight. We swept round and about in free, ample curves, forming enormous circles at a speed of some forty miles an hour. The first two circles were achieved at a considerable altitude, but for the third Mr. Wright descended close to the ground. It felt as if we were skimming along and almost clipping the grass. Then we rose again, and before the finish, just for an experiment to show his power and control, Mr. Wright made the aeroplane go swooping up and down like a switchback, or, to describe it more poetically, like a ship rising and falling over mountainous waves. Afterwards we dropped gradually to the ground, and, as the aeroplane is fitted with runners like a sleigh, there was no jar in striking the earth, and we glided gently along the grass for a few yards until we came to a standstill with marvelous precision quite close to our point of departure, where I found myself immediately surrounded by congratulating friends, all eager to ask me questions.

Missouri's Apple Trees.

"Missouri's apple crop lest year was enormous and netted hundreds of thousands of dollars' clear profit."—Daily paper.

'Way down in old Missouri,
Against the springtime blue,
A wave of rose blossoms breaks,
All starred with diamond dew.
The balmy air is scented
With delicate perfume,
From miles of ancient orchards filled
With apple trees in bloom.

Then comes the summer's magic
Of sunshine and of showers,
And turns to swelling emerald spheres
The fair and fragrant flowers;
And autumn, bright and sunny,
Instead of gray and cold,
Appears and changes every one
To balls of shining gold.

From leafy branches bending
Beneath their burden rare,
Next busy fingers gather them
And pack them all with care;
And trade, in crowded markets,
To yellow gold transmutes
The richest and the mellowest
Of all Missouri's fruits.

While others seeking fortune
Must wrest it from the soil,
Or blast it from the stingy rock
With danger and with toil,
Or hunt it in a country
Where men must starve and freeze,
Missouri finds her wealth at home,
Upon her apple trees.
—Minna Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

TWELVE-MILE TUNNEL

Tube Costing $16,500,000 for the Railroad Line.

New York Herald.

A tunnel twelve and a half miles long will be necessary on the new railroad line from Milan to Genoa, which has recently been approved by the Italian government. The line lies through the Ligurian Alps, and, though other routes were considered, the gradients and alignment obtainable were sufficiently important, in the opinions of the government engineers, to justify the long tunnel on the line adopted. The plans for construction contemplate the use of five shafts between the portals, thus dividing the tunnel into six sections and allowing the work to be prosecuted from twelve headings.

The geological surveys indicate, according to the Engineer, London, that 63 per cent of the tunnel will be driven through calcareous schists and marl, 21 per cent through calcareous and serpentine conglomerates and 16 per cent through argillaceous schists. The tunnel is to be lined with brick except where heavy pressures are encountered, the lining there being stone.

In the worst conditions likely to occur the double-track section will not be used, but two parallel single track tubes, driven until better material is penetrated. Instead of using heavy temporary timbering in driving through soft material, it is proposed to drive a circular heading and line it as fast as excavated with reinforced concrete rings, eleven and a half feet in outside diameter. These rings are to be made in six segments outside the tunnel and are to be bolted together through the flanges. The latter will be about seven inches deep in the clear, and the widths of the rings are to vary with the pressure, being made narrower as the pressure increases. This lining will later be removed in short sections and the tunnel enlarged to the full section and finished with the permanent lining. The cost of the tunnel has been estimated at about $16,500,000.

ONE MILLION WOMEN ARE IN WHITE PLAGUE WAR

One million women, representing cities, towns, villages and isolated rural settlements in every portion of the country, are today enlisted in a campaign against tuberculosis, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. In legislatures, in congress at Washington, in society gatherings, in churches and clubs, through speaking and writing—in every possible way, the women of the country are persistently fighting consumption.

With an organization established in every state of the country, under the direction of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and with associated clubs in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico and the Canal Zone, the women of the country have entered a systematic crusade to carry the message of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis into every American home.

The organization of the women's anti-tuberculosis campaign was definitely begun in St. Paul in 1906, at the time of the biennial meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, when that body sanctioned a resolution "to make the prevention and cure of tuberculosis a subject of study," and made Mrs. Rufus P. Williams, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, chairman of the new department, called the "Health Department of the General Federation of Women's Clubs." For the purpose of extending the campaign into the many cities and towns of the country, the central committee makes every local and state club under its jurisdiction responsible for the work in its own community.

The executive board of the Mothers' Congress has also recently entered into the crusade, and has prepared circulars and literature on the prevention of consumption, which are being circulated broadcast throughout the country. In every city where the congress is represented, an advisory board of local physicians is being formed to help educate mothers about tuberculosis. Other national organizations of women have given favorable consideration to the campaign against tuberculosis.

One of the most notable campaigns which is being carried on by the women is that in the southern states in connection with the traveling exhibit of the National Association for the Study and Prevenion of Tuberculosis. In Tennessee, Florida and Alabama, whole sates have been stirred by the activity of the women's organizations. In North and South Carolina plans for similar campaigns are now in progress.

A large number of women occupying prominent positions in society or on the stage, are taking an active interest in the anti-tuberculosis campaign. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt has recently given a million dollars for sanitary homes for consumptives. Mrs. Keith Spalding of Chicago has erected a sanatorium for the Chicago Tuberculosis Institute at a cost of about fifty thousand dollars; Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and Mrs. Borden Harriman have given largely to the consumption fight. In Porto Rico Mrs. Albert Norton Wood, wife of a prominent army officer stationed at San Juan, has stirred the entire island through the anti-tuberculosis crusade she inaugurated. Mme. Emma Calve is a most enthusiastic worker, and has given largely of her talent and money for the relief of tuberculosis sufferers, and Miss Olga Nethesole has even lectured before the public on tuberculosis.

And the fight is not only being carried on by women organized in clubs and by the wealthy women, but by the working women in the general labor movement against tuberculosis, and by the women who are battling hand in hand with the disease in connection with the religious and philanthropic organizations of the country. The special tuberculosis nurse, too, is a recent addition to the fighting force enlisted against consumption, and almost all of these are women. No city campaign is complete today without such a nurse, and on this account hundreds of them are devoting their lives in unselfish service for the relief of human suffering.

OLD STYLE IS DEAD

Tattooing Is No Longer a Popular Fad.

Pittsburg Gazette Times.

One of the customs of the past ages, which is now going out of use almost entirely, is that of tattooing, or marking the skin indelibly by puncturing it and inserting a soloring matter. The practice of tattooing arose among primitive people in many different ways. With some it was a mark which served to signify subordination to a chief, very much as farmers at this day brand their cattle. Among the Sandwich Islanders it indicated the district in which the person lived. With many others it had a religious significance, and sacred emblems were marked upon the body.

Some superstitious service of the dead was evidently indicated in early Bible times by tattooing, for the book of Leviticus contains this command: "Ye shall not make any cuttings on your flesh for the dead, nor print any marks upon you."

Among other people tattooing has been resorted to from sheer vanity, and the practice, so far as it has survived in modern times, has been the result of a mixture of vanity and superstition. Occasionally the "dime shows" and the "side shows" contain a tattooed man, some of whom were willingly marked over their whole bodies, while others were tattooed by their captors when they were taken prisoners in savage wars.

At the present day it is sailors and soldiers, among civilized people, who practice it chiefly, and their arms and the backs of their hands are often decorated with anchors, shields and all sorts of fantastic devices, or with religious emblems.

In Europe workingmen frequently decorated their arms with entire sentences. Some one of the great iron works at Neuilly, France, has been observing the tattooed arms of the workmen and has found upon them the following sentences, the first three workingmen:

"No luck;" "Child of misfortune;" "Thin for life;" "Death to the unfaithful;" "Born under an unlucky star;" "Glory, honor, fatherland," and "All for the fair."

Many representations of clasped hands and emblems of occupations, such as hammers, squares, compasses or anchors were also found.

Some extraordinary tattooing has been observed among the native recruits for the French service in Algeria. One soldier had tattooed upon his breast an elaborate picture of a lion hunt, while his back was ornamented with a representation of a cavalry charge. As the process of tattooing is painful, the man who bore these works of art must have suffered greatly.

Many men have had the backs of their hands tattooed in youth, and have at that time regarded the decorations as something to be very proud of, or who, as workmen, have been proud to bear the emblems of their trade, have very earnestly wished, in reaching maturity or in working their way to wealth or social position, that they might be rid of the marks which they took such pains to get, but the marks remain tenaciously and indicate with almost perfect certainty that he who bears them was either a very foolish boy or that his early life was passed among bad associates or in a menial position.

There are, however, fewer and fewer men who bear such decorations, and it is probable that tattooing will, before many generations, disappear among enlightened people.

The Biggest Cracker.

Bakers' Weekly.

The "kasabi" torta (we get our word "tar" from tortar of Hispan-America is the biggest regularly made cracker on earth; bigger than the special mazoths of Manhattan's Jew side, which, however, ae only made for a short period in the year. It is made from the kasabi root and lightly fried in cakes about the size of a small parasol.

A cracker for a hat! Such indeed is sometimes the use made by the Latin peons of the kasabi torta when needing a temporary sunshade (combero). The torta is always made bowl shaped so it can be balanced on the head without any particular effort—and providing no wind interferes. Rain, however, quickly soaks and collapses this singular edible headgear.

Famous Poets' Wills.

London Chronicle.

Famous poets make interesting wills. Browning's was written in his own beautiful hand, with the initials of all the nouns substantive in capitals, after the olden use; and the attesting witnesses were: "A. Tennyson" and "F. T. Palgrave." Matthew Arnold's, also referred to, was remarkable for its brevity. A baker's dozen of words were deemed enough: "I leave everything of which I die possessed to my wife, Frances Lucy." This, however, because no executor was appointed, had to be set aside for letters of administration, but the result was the same. These two famous wills form, with Shakespeare's, the most notable trio ever handled by probate in this country.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

THE NEW PATRIOTISM

International Sunday School Lesson for July 4 Is "Paul's Second Missionary Journey — Antioch to Philippi." Acts 15:36; 16:15.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The passing of the spirit of jingoism is an evidence of the changing spirit of our times. These first days of July in the United States are flavored by memories of the Declaration of Independence, and in Canada by the observance of Confederation day. Once it was common to hear at Fourth of July celebrations in the states the most blatant spread-eagleism; but this bellicose strutting and crowing barnyard fashion hase given way to a more serious and dignified mood. The best patriots are feeling keenly their obligations as world citizens, and they are studying their relations to all other nations. The American spirit is expressing itself by a new, frank facing of the day's internationalism. Canada never held so truly national a gathering as that which met in Toronto a few months ago to consider Canada's missionary policy with respect to herself and the whole earth. America's Christian manhood is likewise to come together next spring in a meeting that may easily take rank with the great history-making assemblies of the nation's formative period.

The springs of patriotism go down to the depths of the spirit. It is easy to speak of country and of God in the one breath. There is a straight line connecting the patriotism of the year 1909 in this new western world with the Sunday school lesson of the day. For the latter marks the advent of Christianity into Europe. The great historic step was made which carried the Gospel out of Asia into the land which was for nearly twenty centuries to remain its strength and center.

Doubtless on the journey from Troas to Neapolis, nobody paid particular attention to an inconspicuous little Jew and his small band of companions, who, day after day, were seen in most earnest converse upon some serious themes. Yet that was a great day for Europe than when Xerxes, or Philip of Macedon, or Augustus marched their legions over this edge of Europe. So today it stirs one's imagination to see, as he leans over the visitors' gallery at Ellis Island, and watches the stream of immigrants passing before the inspectors, and wonders which of these unkempt, big-eyed boys carries in his cloth bundle a new epoch for America.

A Traveling Preacher.

Philippi, whither Paul was bound, is now a heap of ruins, scarcely heeded by the obscure Turkish village near its site. Most of the names of places, and the places and customs themselves, that became familiar to Paul's ears and eyes have passed away. Still the air is rent with the echoes of shouts and shrieks of every massacre of men and women throughout the region traversed by Paul's company on his second missionary journey, all for the sake of the Name which he preached. Asia Minor and adjacent Europe—what we may roughly call the Pauline neighborhood—are in a tumult and uproar that attract the attention of a bewildered world. The wise reader of the daily newspaper cons the cable dispatches in the light of these illuminating dispatches from Holy Writ; and likewise the student of the Apostolic church is not unmindful of the later acts that are transpiring in this region.

It had been half a dozen years since Paul had made his first missionary tour throughout Asia Minor. Now he was setting out again on the same long, hard journey that would consume two or three years more. As mere travel, would such a journey be worth while? Our restless age is over-emphasizing the pleasure and profit of

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

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Not all the sweet girls graduate.

"Get married," says Senator Depew. But he doesn't say how often.

President Taft can propose things without making a great noise.

The civilization of Chinese should not be left to tender young girls.

King Alfonso must begin to feel right at home wearing a broad smile.

The Wright boys, early in life, must have adopted the busy little bee as their motto.

It is a sweetly solemn thought that even a millionaire divorce trial must end some day.

There are worse things than Fourth of July oratory. It never produced a case of lockjaw.

It cost Oklahoma $7,000 to wipe out Crazy Snake. P. S.—Crazy Snake has not been wiped out.

Dr. Eliot's list of best books contains none of the kind one would care to read in a hammock.

It is understood that the men who have defeated President Taft at golf are not office seekers.

Holding a session of congress in hot weather must seem almost like work to the statesmen.

"Kermit shot the biggest lion of the hunt." Wonder how he squared matters with Bwana Tumbo.

A New York man says he can speak 65,000 words an hour. Where is the woman who can beat that?

If Peary has really found the North Pole we shall probably hear about it from the lecture platform.

A quarter of an ounce of radium costs but $150,000 now. Hardly worth the trouble of adulterating.

"Don't marry the men—fight them," says Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. But why not marry them first?

Buying a new dress was not an event in the life of Mrs. Howard Gould. It was a force of habit.

If Mr. Roosevelt runs for office again, the question, "Can a moose gallop?" may become an issue.

At last reports the Omaha girl who ate half a pound of dynamite was doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Gould wore black every day in court. Perhaps she wished it understood that she had buried the past.

Radium is going on the free list. Not, however, because it is something we must have to make us happy.

The operation on King Alfonso's nose was not a success. But he still has the nose, and that's something.

The bridal couple that goes up in a balloon may have solved the problem of how to get away from fool friends.

When two European monarchs meet to kiss and have a quiet conference some other monarch's ears must burn.

Mr. Bryan declares that he wants no more newspaper notoriety. Can it be possible that he prefers the magazines?

Spanish prisoners who were not pardoned when the last royal baby was born may still look to the future with some hope.

A scientist declares that every time a man lies he unconsciously wriggles his big toe. Blessed is the man who invented shoes.

Praying for the eradication of mosquitos will not accomplish a great deal. You've simply got to hit 'em and hit 'em hard.

The new sultan of Turkey has only two wives. But that isn't so bad when the short time he has held office is taken into consideration.

With a big wheat crop to harvest, Kansas farmers are finding no time to stand around waiting for congress to please pass the prosperity.

A Philadelphia beggar was found to have $14,000 in bank. Returning prosperity some times makes it appearance in unexpected places.

The newspapers report one man who has declined an honorary college degree. There are more ways than one of becoming famous.

A Michigan boy has started out on a hunt for the devil. No matter what direction he takes, if he travels long enough, he'll find what he is looking for.

This year's law school graduates may well wonder if there will be any Gould divorce cases left for them by the time they get their shingles hung out.

Love has found a new way. A Massachusetts couple have taken a 120-mile honeymoon trip in a balloon. For originality that has something on a trip to Niagara Falls.

Mr. Roosevelt has said that a moose can gallop. Dr. Long, the naturalist, says a moose cannot gallop. If the question were put to a vote of the American people it is possible that Mr. Roosevelt's popularity would win a large majority in favor of the galloping moose.

BRITAIN ALONE.

Great Britain, in the event of war with Germany, looks to France for aid. Whether the French government would be opposed to taking up arms or not it is doubtful if the common sense and caution of the ministry could hold the people in check. Thirty years have not lessened the desire to avenge Sedan.

But the alliance could hardly prove an effective one since the Anglo-German war would be fought out almost entirely upon the sea. And the navy of France, despite the expenditure upon it of $700,000,000 in ten years, is fallen into chaos and deplorable inefficiency.

An investigation made by a parliamentary committee shows that French naval construction has been made to cost a fourth more than that in England and Germany. Shells condemned because of an accident to one of the battleships, were manufactured and accepted for two years after. Guns of an ancient pattern were found upon warships where the contracts called for modern equipment. Six vessels of the largest type are now being built, though the country has not a drydock which can accommodate them. A naval battle, lasting for five or six hours, it is asserted, would exhaust the ammunition supplies in the port arsenals and leave France at the mercy of an enemy.

Such an ally might prove worse than none to England since she might be called upon to divide her forces in order to protect and rescue her friend. From Japan can be expected no more help than the seizure of German territorial possessions in China. The colonies would supply funds, possibly men, but they might wisely consider that any ships they may build before the outbreak of hostilities are needed at home. America is out of the question, in spite of flattering talk and the finger pointing to German aggressions in South America.

England will have virtually to fight alone. It will be one race against the mother race, hate against contempt, empire against the grim ambition for empire.

HAY FEVER INCREASING?

More than 100,000 victims of hay fever exist in the United States and the number, according to a New York authority, is rapidly increasing.

We would like to know how the doctor arrives at the conclusion that the ailment is spreading. He may have more patients to treat, but this would give him no clue as to the hay fever statistics of the United States. There is no law, no regulation, not even a custom, which demands that physicians report the hay fever cases to a bureau which compiles the figures. The statement was made a few years ago that cancer was increasing, yet there is no way of discovering whether there are more cases of this dread disease to the thousand inhabitants than there were in 1800, or 1850, or even 1890.

Hay fever used to be diagnosed under a score of other names. Many of those afflicted with it never consult a doctor, merely accepting it with such philosophy as they can and praying for the close of the pollen distributing period of the golden rod. Moreover hordes of nervous men and women flee to the seashore, the lakes and the mountains who know hay fever only as an excuse for fleeing home and moving about in search of new scenes and new excitements. This may seem a bold statement to make. It is one which may be found in the medical journals of America every August and September.

MR. ALDRICH'S DEMOCRATS.

Power to Senator Aldrich is power whether gained through honor or dishonor, whether by the cold logic of his cause or by seduction of the integrity of fellow senators. With trickeries, with secret deals, with threats and with pressure brought by the inner machinery of Washington jobbery, Senator Aldrich continues to revise the tariff "upward," ignoring alike the obligations of the minority and his own party's pledges.

When the roll was called to place a duty on rough lumber of $1 per thousand feet; as proposed by the house, Senators Burton, of Ohio; Carter, of Montana; Curtis, of Kansas, and Gamble, of South Dakota, joined the insurgents and Senator McCumber—for the time-being anti-Aldrich—in voting for the amendment. The opponents of the upward revisionists would have succeeded had the Democrats stood by their party platform. But ten Democrats delivered in two fistsful to the Rhode Islander, voted against the house schedule. Their names are names to associate henceforth with other examples of political chicanery and cunning. They are:

Bacon, of Georgia; Chamberlain, of Oregon; Fletcher and Taliaferro, of Florida; Foster, of Louisinana; Martin, of Virginia; Money, of Mississippi; Simmons, of North Carolina; Smith, of Maryland, and Taylor, of Tennessee.

Upon no other material is revision called for more loudly and insistently than upon lumber. Prices have been soaring for years. Between the depletion of American forests and the rates fixed by associations, the home builder has found it more and more difficult to gain independence of landlords and rising rents. The lumber schedule was specifically mentioned as needing correction, by Republican speakers throughout the middle west. And in the Denver platform was written:

We demand the immediate repeal of a duty on wood pulp, print paper, lumber, timber and logs, and that these articles be placed on the free list.

Among the names of those voting with Aldrich will be noted Chamberlain, of Oregon. It will be remembered that this politician has the unique history of being the only Democrat ever elected by a Republican legislature. It was a case of honor preserved by Republican assemblymen. The man Chamberlain appears not to have profited highly in his association with men of fine scruples.

PRESIDENT AND THE TARIFF.

It is becoming the fashion of the yellow press to shout bad names and revilings at President Taft. First he was, said the saffron sheets, untrue to his friends in the distribution of political plums. As the weeks have sped the country has come to see that the President has not issued official appointments as evidences of personal regard. There isn't any plum tree in Washington. Officials have been chosen for appointments solely on a basis of fitness for the people's service. Taft has named men, not favorites.

That point settled to their dissatisfaction, the muck-heap journals have now turned to the tariff for their brickbats. Taft was pledged to revision, they declare, and yet the congress has shown no disposition to revise downward. And that, they say, is an evidence that the President has broken faith with the people, disregarded his pledges and fallen prostrate at the feet of the trusts. All of which is, of course, pure rot—just rot.

That the country is disappointed over the present tariff outlook there can be no denial. There is too much Aldrich and not enough breadth of revision in the present trend of the special session. The people have expected more of a downward revision than they seem likely to secure. And unless the senate tactics change, the Republican party is going to have a lot of explaining to do at its next trial at the polls.

But that President Taft is in any measure responsible for the conditions at the capitol is an unfair and false statement of the case. He has used his power to the utmost to force concessions from the unhallowed clique that rules the senate. He has not done this with drum or cymbal. He hasn't yelled threats down Pennsylvania avenue, nor has he posted skull and cross-bone proclamations on the monument. But in repeated, almost continuous conferences, he has sought to force an equitable and just revision, not to make good on campaign promises, but to make good to the people whom he seeks to serve. How far he will fall short of his wishes in the tariff bill no one knows now, and no one will know until the bill is finally shaped. But that he has done his best the people will know and believe.

At the root of the matter there lies, however, a consideration which the President cannot and must not overlook. Tariff revision was one of the issues and promises of the last campaign. But the greater issue, the overshadowing promise, was prosperity. The country had faced, and was facing, financial disaster. The masses of the people were suffering. The shadow of hard times reached across the land. And the Republican party, with its standard bearer, was continued in power because the voters, the people, believed the promises of quickened commercial life and a return to prosperous times. That is something President Taft cannot forget. Whether the tariff is revised up or down or forwards or backwards, the people wanted good times first. And by his patience and diplomacy in handling the warring elements in the special session, Mr. Taft has done much, very much, toward bringing back the nation's prosperity.

There is nothing mystic or sacred about the tariff. It is neither a maiden's honor nor a faint perfume. It is a cold, hard business proposition —a question of schedules and figures —a plan to give our own country and people the best possible chance in the world's daily commercial battle. Revision was an issue in the last campaign because the existing schedules were made years ago and changing conditions had rendered many of them unfair or absurd. There are many that should go down. If they don't there are many senators and representatives who will—when the people get a chance at their heads. But the American tariff is good only for the good it does Americans. It will and must go up or down or out of existence altogether to just the extent that the interests of the people demand. If it ceases to protect farmers and workingmen and aids only special interests, then it must lose its place in the nation's policies. That, in a general sense, it has any such effect now is too absurd a proposition to merit argument. The tariff has made America. It will continue to protect America for years to come. There are many instances of injustice in the present schedules and if they are not righted by the special session its members will isuffer. There is no question about that.

But that the people of this country will hold the President responsible for the faults of a congress, which refuses to follow his wishes, is out of the question. The yellow press must hunt another victim. That sort of mud cannot be made to stick to W. H. Taft.

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE.

The ancients read disaster and prosperity for mankind in the stars. From the map of the heavens they established many systems of omens, foretold the career of the child from the position of the constellation at birth and read the fate of empires in the colors of Vega and the planet Mars. The warrior began battles or raised sieges as he saw the significance of a streaming meteor.

It is difficult for humankind to avoid the temptation of looking for good or evil to itself in astronomical phenomena. It is told of a famous Chicago newspaper owner that once the proof of an editorial analyzing the causes of hard times came to his desk. "All nonsense," he said, and wherever the writer assigned a terrestrial reason the proprietor changed it to read "sun spots." A new comet has just been discovered by William R. Brooks, professor of astronomy in Hobart college. One Edwin Fairfax Naulty, writing of it in Collier's, describes it in detail and adds that the following offenses against the peace of humanity are indicated:

The explosion of great powder works, chemical laboratories, gas tanks and naphtha tanks.
Heavy rains and fogs.
Plural shadows of human beings and all dense objects.
Prismatic fogs in which buildings will appear to be in flames.
Mirages of all magnitudes. Earth tremors.
An unsettled state of the weather when the barometer does not agree with the apparent cloudiness.

The astrologer still lives on the margin of science. The magnificent conceit of the human mind conceives that all the vast universe was constructed solely for man's instruction and amusement.

DISTRIBUTING THE ALIENS.

The division of information of the bureau of immigration and naturalization, against which the Federation of Labor objected out of fear lest it become an institution for supplying strikebreakers, can, if it is properly conducted, solve the serious problems of congestion and regular employment.

At times last year when unemployment was at its worst in the eastern cities and the industrial sections of the middle west the farmers beyond the Missouri and along the Pacific slope were calling for help. There was work, but the workers were in the wrong part of the country. In California, it is stated, there is a chronic lack of good farm help. Washington and Oregon during the harvest season have several times suffered heavy losses because the men to gather the grain were wanting. While the harvest season lasts only a short time the workers have been paid as a rule at the rates they demand and many who go to a farm for a week or two are urged to remain.

Among the immigrants of southern Europe who have been coming in in recent years the peasants have predominated. They receive their information as to work from friends and learn only of city labor, railroad construction camps and iron and steel mills. There must be thousands among them who would prefer the healthier labor of the farm. There must still be among those who have been in the cities for years many who yearn for the clean living of the open. To distribute these people is a task not for philanthropy, but for the government.

MAILS AND AEROPLANES.

To those who have never developed stiff necks in following the gyrations of an aeroplane the flying machine is still a thing somewhat hard to realize and a topic grown a bit fanciful and wearisome. Yet, as inventors crowd one another to seize upon the ideas of the successful mechanism new possibilities for amusement and utility are constantly brought forth. The aeroplane, still unseen by the greater part of the population, will, we all feel, be a commonplace of tomorrow and a puzzle for law making and jurisdiction.

It is suggested in the south that the difficulties in the way of rural mail delivery raised by the absence of good roads might be overcome by the employment of the aeroplane. It seems reasonable to carry the idea farther. The flying machine could be pressed into service for bearing the lighter mails over longer distances than those of rural routes. Though they might not be practical for the heavy interstate business, they could be used between cities and towns not far distant from each other, as, for example, between Toledo and Cleveland, or Toledo and Detroit. The average speed of the Wright aeroplanes has been about thirty miles per hour, but the flights the brothers have made so far have been within limited spaces, circling about and making reqquent turns. The inventors think 100 miles per hour on a straight-away course is a possibility. Others believe better speed than this can be attained.

Newspaper and package mails must, because of their weight, continue to travel by steam and electric roads, but letter mail in quantities of three or four hundred pounds could be facilitated exceedingly once the aeroplane is made practical.

WHERE AN EXPERT IS NEEDED.

Secretary Wilson, it is more or less authoritatively stated, will retire from the department of agriculture in December next. He will have served a longer continuous term than any other man who has held a cabinet position. It has been a career of honor and usefulness.

Two or three names have been suggested for successors to Secretary Wilson. It has been the custom of recent years to select a man from beyond the Mississippi and it is possible that the office will fall this time to a resident of Kansas. The department of agriculture rightly should be represented in the cabinet. Yet it is regrettable that the secretaryship should come under the scheme of political reward. Agriculture has ceased to be a hit and miss following, conducted by rule of thumb and influenced by the phases of the moon. It is now a science, calling for much technical learning and deep understanding of the laws of nature. The secretary should rightly have a riper judgment than his subordinates, at least a thorough knowledge of recent progress in farming. In the department are many men who would make better secretaries than any man the President could select from the realm of politics.

The tendency in cabinet making has been toward picking officers who are experts, as attest the present attorney general and the secretary of the treasury. After a sailor has been chosen for the naval portfolio and a soldier for the war department perhaps, in days to come an agricultural scientist will head the department of agriculture.

MEN OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The regular army, just before the Spanish war, was amazingly well drilled and disciplined. It was an organization in which one saw gray-haired first lieutenants, enlisted men in spotless blue and weapons speckless of dust and tarnish. Yet, on the whole, the life was a leisurely one, to those grown hopeless in the wait for promotion, it became a lazy life and sometimes dissipated.

The army now is far different than it was twelve or fifteen years ago. The younger officers would probably insist that it is as well drilled now as it was then, but those who knew the old army intimately would shake their heads. But what it might lack in perfection of movement the army makes up by a higher standard of modern soldierly effectiveness, the buoyancy of youth, hard work, skill with head as well as with hand and the appearance of fine muscular training. That older army will always be loved by those who have dwelled in garrison towns, but they will acknowledge that the officer and the enlisted man do things today that their predecessors couldn't.

It is this newer military that Toledo and her guests will see at the tournament next month. Athletics would have been sneered at twenty years ago. Now they are the life and breath of the army, the healthy aspirations which are successfully combating with drink, an ancient curse with soldiers. The contests promote a rivalry that is to the army's gain and tend to keep down discontent and the natural rebellion against machine routine. The men will be worth beholding as specimens of vigor and well-rounded training.

THE POOREST POLICY.

The sins of the sugar trust have come home to roost. For every dollar stolen of the government by means of customs duties dodged, for every stock pool its officers have been concerned with and for all the throttling of competition and closing of rival plants, the company must now pay in litigation, in espionage, suspicion and injured reputation.

The tritest and yet the truest axiom of business is that honesty is the best policy. The purchase of legislators only made the purchasing corporation the slave and the source of revenue of the political gray wolves. Franchise thieveries have reacted not only upon the thieves, but have harassed and cursed the lives of every public utility concern, good or bad. The unlawful buying of police protection by the saloons has given the temperance forces a mighty weapon against the buyers. Avoidance of building inspection laws has been paid for a thousand times with ruin and death and unending sorrow. High finance, corruption of law-makers, tricksters of all kinds, bring only temporary success. Business and the moral law cannot be separated. Dishonesty is the poorest policy in the world.

FOREIGN MONEY IN AMERICA.

British capital has been of immense help in the development of American industrial enterprises. Railroads, mines, steel plants, shipbuilding and mercantile establishments in this country owe no small part of their being to the willingness of the English investor to place his money over here.

The amount of British funds in American railroad stocks alone is estimated to be $3,000,000,000, from which an income of $135,000,000 is derived. Since July 1 of last year $67,500,000 of fresh capital has been placed in the United States indicating that the British public has been awake to the opportunities in American stocks since the panic of 1907.

A Dakota governor was once asked what crop was best suited to his state. "I could not tell you that," he said, "but if you can make two English syndicates grow where only one grew before you would receive the undying gratitude of the people of this magnificent commonwealth."

Somewhat sorrowful was the foreigners' experience with western mortgages and ranches. But it has not injured the field as an attraction for London gold. The west still looks abroad for capital when local investment is glutted with securities.

A MODERN CONQUEST.

The word protectorate is often but a synonym for exploitation. The protector, by the world's recognition, has certain exclusive rights for looting and conquest.

It is this sort of protectorate which Japan exercises over Korea. The mikado goes even farther than trade and the seizure of commercial monopolies. He is settling thousands of Japanese upon Korean lands, establishing schools for them and means of recreation besides factories, shops, stores and transportation lines. The country is now policed by Japanese, made to follow the Japanese code of laws, and in a few years, travelers say, it will be more Nippon than Korea.

Conquest has an ugly sound to modern ears. Americans admit the benefits to mankind in making this a Caucasian country, yet they do not enjoy the story of the slaying of the Indians. Britain owes its greatness largely to the introduction of the Norman blood and Norman institutions. It was savage virtues which made Italy a country able to exist among the newer nations, though a civilization was crushed and absorbed.

Korea has been in process of decay for many centuries. The people long ago ceased to progress, achieved no greatness of institutions, of art, or in the advancement of happiness. The native race will suffer while Japan ruthlessly puts its policy of expansion into effect, but in the end, the conquest will be to Korea's good.

MORE MINING DISASTERS.

Is there no lesson to be learned in mine horrors? It would seem not.

The warnings of scores of disasters in the last few years have not deterred capital in the investment in coal properties though the money lost from one big explosion must eat deeply into principal. Labor continues to ask employment at the collieries, accepts the wages and the risks and maintains an indifference to leaders' advice and suggestion. "Model" mines have been constructed, but these pits have proved as dangerous as the old. The government has given a liberal appropriation for investigation, and yet, it would appear, without making any gains for safety since a larger sum was asked of congress in the session closing last March. Experts from the Welsh districts, where mining accidents have been reduced to a minimum, have visited the American collieries, but if anything was learned of them it is not reflected in the casualty statistics.

The principles upon which coal mining is conducted in this country must be wrong. Local conditions might be blamed for one or two accidents, but they do not explain away disasters from Pennsylvania to Wyoming. Labor blames owners, owners blame workmen, foreign experts make recommendations, members of the federal geological survey, others. Some one of them is wrong. Possibly all.

Three cents a mile seems like an exorbitant price to pay for looking at the scenery along some railroads.

The Kansas woman who sang at her husband's funeral certainly had the courage of her convictions.

THE CENSUS.

The house of representatives, waking from its lethargy, has passed an appropriation of $10,000,000 for the census enumeration.

As congressional expenditures go, ten millions of dollars is not a large sum. But is the census, once taken, worth that much to the people of the United States? There is a promise of reform in the method of enumeration, to conform to the criticisms of President Roosevelt at the last session, but is there any pledge that the census will be more accurate? Enumerators, possessed of local patriotism, will pad their returns as their predecessors did. That ingenious agent of St. Joseph, Mo., who included setter dogs as members of a family, may be on the job again. Other workers will be shiftless and unconscientious. When it comes to asking indignant housewives as to legitimacy and existence of epilepsy in the family we all know how dependable are the reports of the painstaking, if tactless, enumerator.

The appropriation is for the census taking only. It does not cover the cost of the maintenance of the census bureau, the tons of printing and the expenses of compilation and calculations in the years thereafter. The federal census is an institution that can hardly be spared unless the states should assume the responsibility. But spending ten millions to gain figures that are only approximately right is, at a time when governmental economy is imperative, a very subservient bow to the joss of statistics.

ROMANCE.

A short cablegram from Manila tells of a mutiny among the constabulary, the flight to the hills, a scrimmage in a church and the announcement that troops have taken the road to punish the deserters. A shorter message tells of the capture of the mutineers and the death of the leader. This is all that Americans at home will ever know of this miniature rebellion unless one has friends in the islands who will write of it, or a person obtains a glance at the official report.

It was thus in the days of Indian fighting. The most meagre of news came from the front, yet every hour there were stories—stories of hardships, of grim, cruel struggles against thirst or cold or weariness, of battles short and long, of ambuscades, poisoned springs and prairie fires set by the fleeing hostiles.

And as the complete history of the wars with the Indians will never be told, so does there lack a chronicler for these outbreaks in the islands. There is more romance lived every hour than is written in a year.

British Railways in 1908.

London Times.

A preliminary statement relating to railway returns for the United Kingdom for the year 1908 has been issued by the Board of Trade as a White Paper [Cd. 4637]. The return shows that the gross receipts of the railways for the year amounted to £119,891,000, compared with £121,548,278 in 1907, the net receipts, after deducting working expenditure, being £42,239,000, compared with £44,939,729 in the previous year, a decrease of nearly one and a half million pounds. The gross receipts from passenger traffic were £51,661,00, an increase of £656,667 on the preceding year. The gross receipts from goods traffic on the other hand (£58,889,000) shows a decrease of no less than £2,313,831. The total number of passengers carried, exclusive of season ticket holders, was 1,278,050,000, an increase of more than 1¾ million compared with 1907; the number of season ticket holders was 721,000. The quantity of minerals and general merchandise conveyed during the year was 491,636,000 tons, which shows a falling off of more than 2¼ million tons. The total mileage of the Kingdom at the end of last year was 23,228 and the number of miles traveled by train during the year was 423,160,000, a decrease of nearly 5¼ millions compared with the previous year. The total authorized capital of the railways at the end of last year was £1,397,995,000, of which £1,310,503,000 was paid up.

Burials in the Abbey.

Dundee Advertiser.

The question of the establishment of an independent authority to decide who is and who is not to be buried in Westminster Abbey is larger than people suppose. The vesting of peculiar authority in deans is of misty origin, and in no case is it less definite than in the case of the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster. The relationship of a dean, with his peculiar authority, to the bishop of the diocese is very difficult to define. Certainly the dean of Westminster is entirely independent of ecclesiastical authority, save in respect to his personal character. Of course, the abbey has become a Valhalla, but if a non-ecclesiastical authority had the decision, in what way could it also make a decision as to the religious service to be held? Curiously enough, that is the real question, though in our tolerant day it seems to be absurd. Nor will disestablishment release the singular authority of deans, unless cathedrals are taken from the church altogether, which is not at all likely. It was no mean authority who said: "Ah, yes, bishops are essential to the existence of the church, and deans are only an accident; but you can't prevent accidents." The position is curiously illustrated by the phrase, "Dean and chapter." Who ever hears nowadays of a chapter having an idea of its own?

Beat Horses by Whispers.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

"The most famous horse whisper," said a Harvard psychologist at a tea, "was Con of Cork. Con would retire alone with some vicious, man-killing brute, and from the moment of his reappearance the nag would be as mild as milk. They said he whispered to it.

"Con's best authenticated case was Rainbow, a horse belonging to a Col. Westvance. Rainbow had kicked a groom to death, bitten a soldier's thumb off, and rolled on a lady. They wanted to tie Rainbow's head in a blanket before Con entered the stall, but the whisperer shook his head and smiled. Sending everybody away, he entered. He remained in the stall half an hour. Then he whistled, and the grooms and the colonel came to him. Con sat on the stable floor, and that holy terror of a horse lay on its back beside him, playful as a kitten. Mankind thought in those days that horse whispering was magic. We know better now. We know it was hypnotism, hypnotism exercised on animals, a lost art that offers the psychologist a fruitful field of research."

Rose That Changes Its Color.

Petit Jardin.

White in the shade, red in the sun, such is the twofold character that has given a name to the chameleon rose. At night or when it is carried into a dark room it assumes a waxlike whiteness. This does not occur abruptly, but the petals first pass through a bluish tint, which rapidly changes into a very pale rose, and finally ends by becoming the purest white. Then, if it is taken into bright sunlight, with the greatest rapidity it resumes the scarlet tint of the most brilliant peony.

This horticultural phenomenon comes from Japan, that country of magic gardens and wizard horticulturists.

A Crumb of Satisfaction.

Punch.

Tourist (who during a steady tramp has inquired, once every hour, how far it is to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four and a half or five miles")—"Thank heaven, we're keeping pace with it, anyway."

'Tis Sair to Dream

'Tis sair to dream o' them we like
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!
I thought we sat beside the burn
That wimples down the flowery glen,
Where in our early days o' love,
We met that ne'er sall meet again?

The simmer sun sank 'neath the wave,
And gladdened, wi' his parting ray,
The woodland wild and valley green,
Fast fading into gleamin' gray.
He talk'd of days o' future joys,
And yet my heart was hailing fair,
For when his eye it beamed on me,
A withering death-glance was there!

I thought him dead and then I thought
That life was young and love was free,
For o'er our heads the mavis sang,
And hameward hied the janty bee!
We pledged our love and plighted troth,
But cauld, cauld was the kiss he gave,
When, starting from my dream, I found
His troth was plighted to the grave!

I canna weep, for hope is fled,
And nought would do but silent-mourn,
Were't no for dreams that should na come,
To whisper back my love's return;
'Tis sair to dream o' them we like,
That waking we sall never see;
Yet, oh! how kindly was the smile
My laddie in my sleep gave me!

—R. Gilfilan.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Saturday Evening Post.

There was a negro retainer in the Taylor family, in Tennessee, who thought he was as great an orator as Bob, the present United States senator, or Alf, the brother of Bob, also somewhat silver-tongued. When Bob and Alf were running for governor of Tennessee—Bob on the Democratic ticket and Alf on the Republican—Uncle Rufus got to one of their joint debates.

Uncle Rufus always wore an ancient silk hat. When Bob was talking at this debate he threw up the tile for Bob, and when Alf was talking he threw it up for Alf. After the debate, when the brothers were talking together, Uncle Rufus came along and, putting one arm around Bob and the other around Alf, said: "Look yere, boys; ain't us Taylors de greatest talkers what is?"

When Delegate Mark Smith, of Arizona, was a boy he lived on a big plantation in Kentucky. It was in slave days and one of his father's slaves was Uncle Ike, who was the preacher for the place.

Smith's father had built a small church on a corner of the plantation and Uncle Ike held forth there every Sunday. This was pleasing to Ike, because it not only gave him a chance to exhort the negroes, but it absolved him from any of the chores on Sunday.

One Sunday Mark went out by the barn and found Uncle Ike sitting disconsolately under a tree.

"Look here, Ike," said Mark, "why ain't you down there preaching today?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "I ain't goin' to preach to dem niggahs no more. They's always fightin' 'mongst theyselves an' I'm sick an' tired an' done quit preachin'."

"Stop your lying, Ike," said Mark. "You wouldn't quit such a soft snap as that. What's the matter?"

"Well, Mars Mark," Ike replied, "ef you mus' know, dem trifflin' niggahs done sent me my resignashun."

Kansas City Journal.

On a very hot afternoon in Topeka recently a number of around-town chaps who don't seem to have much to do were lounging in the chairs in front of a leading hotel, and finding all of the chairs occupied looked and spoke things that wouldn't go well in polite society.

"Let's dump a few of them out," suggested one.

"Hold on a minute," replied another. "Watch me get a chair." With that he walked over to one of the loungers and in the most courteous way said: "Will you please tell me whether that is a drug store across the street?"

"No," replied the lounger, "that's a bank."

"Oh, is it? Well, say, what is that nice big building just down the street there, two corners away?"

"That's the postoffice," was the reply.

"You live in this charming city, then?" asked the drummer.

"I do," said the lounger.

"Well, then," replied the traveling man, "I'm a guest at this hotel, and paying for accommodations. Suppose you get up and give me that chair."

He got the chair.

When Jerome B. Fisher was county judge of Chautauqua county, New York, a damage suit came before him. The plaintiff sued for a large sum because he was injured by a street car. He was, apparently, in good health, but it was shown he had been injured, and two of the items of proof presented were a spot about the size of a man's hand on his back and a lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. The plaintiff's lawyer said a great deal about these evidences of the terrible injuries his client had received. At summing-up time the lawyer for the street car company rose.

"If the court please and gentlemen of the jury," he said, "we have heard a lot of talk here about this spot on this plaintiff's back and the lump the size of a walnut on his shoulder. Do not be deceived, gentlemen of the jury, by the specious conversation of my friend, the opposing counsel, in this regard. That spot on this man's back is no more nor less than a birthmark, and as for that lump the size of a walnut on the plaintiff's shoulders, that, gentlemen of the jury, is his head."

London Tit-Bits.

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large percentage of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to an American who had taken no part in the conversation, and said: "You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied; "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings yearly."

"Oh, tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices at once.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends, when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party at once seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible!" said the hostess, with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," admitted the American, apologetically. "Just at that moment I happened to be downstairs killing the chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

Chicago Journal.

Miss Clara Evelyn McHugh, a teacher in one of the Topeka schools, read at a recent teacher's meeting from a collection of quaint examination answers that she had been gathering for some years.

The gems of Miss McHugh's collection were:

"A blizzard is the inside of a hen."

"The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth."

"Oxygen is a thing that has eight sides."

"The cuckoo never lays its own eggs."

"A mosquito is a child of black and white parents."

"The finest political speech I ever heard," said a Pittsburg man, "was made by a German farmer up in Berks county, Pennsylvania.

"There was a meeting in a country schoolhouse and after the speeches a leading German was called on for a few remarks. He said: 'Fellow-citizens: We haf hert d' chin music, yes! Und d' time has now come ven ve must all git togedder und undo that vich ve haf not dit. All git togedder und roll up such a Democratig majority in Berks coundy that it vill roll und roll und roll undil it rolls all ofer Berks coundy, all ofer d' state of Pennsylvania, all ofer the United States, vill roll across d' ocean und vill roll up to Queen Victoria vere she is sitting on her throne, und she vill say: "Good gracious! vot a Democratig majority Berks coundy dit roll up."'"

Varieties

Wireless messages overland are not yet commercially practical.

The people of the United States are the greatest users of the telephone.

The driving wheels of a locomotive average 20 feet in circumference.

It is estimated that the earthquake's speed is from 470 to 530 feet a second.

The newest department store in New York will have a bank of fifty elevators.

Napoleon said, no matter how raving or raging, he never dared to let himself get angry above the throat.

A Scotchman has invented a new life-saving apparatus which is capable of throwing a line half a mile.

It is said that in the last five years the membership of the temperance societies in Germany has more than doubled.

The resistance to traction in dry weather is smallest on brick pavements and in wet weather on bituilthic pavements.

Silk and mixed cotton and silk industries in France are said to employ altogether upward of half a million workers.

The tidal movement in the Petitcodiac river at Amherst, N. S., represents three million horse power a day. A proposition is being considered to harness it.

Syria and Palestine has an inordinate appetite for imported drugs. In Bierut, a city where soft drinks are in great demand, there is not a single soda fountain.

The largest movable bridge yet built in Asia is a double leaf roller lift affair, with an opening two hundred feet wide, erected by a Chicago company for a railroad in Burma.

Tests show that the wind movement of fifteen miles an hour against the side of a building will force 155 cubic feet of air through a one-sixteenth-inch crevice in an hour.

"The Ragman Rolls" were a series of documents recording the progress of Edward I through Scotland in 1296, with the names of the nobles and others who did homage to him.

Octave Chanute, for whom Chanute, Kas., was named, is now an inventor of aeroplanes, and Chanute people are saying that their town was the first "high flyer" that he designed.

The freak photograph is the popular fad in Paris at present. Several photographers are making it a specialty and turn out the humorous, grotesque and grewsome in large quantities.

Prince Edward of Wales, the oldest son of the crown prince of Wales, has just entered the Royal Naval college at Dartmouth as a cadet, after having completed his training course at Osborne.

The Woman's Sabbath Alliance of New York, has addressed a circular letter to women prominent socially asking them to refrain from giving entertainments that deprive their servants of rest on Sundays.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, of the British army, celebrated his golden wedding anniversary last month. So popular is "Bobs" that the event assumed something of the character of an imperial festival.

Ghee is used in India as is butter in America and European countries, and in fact is butter, so prepared that it never grows stale, instances being known of its preservation for as long as two hundred years.

Life of only the "very lowest order" exists on Mars, if life exists there at all, according to Professor Simon Newcomb, whose opinion will probably carry greater weight than that of any living American astronomer.

The Canadian minister of the interior has submitted figures showing that there are still available for homesteads in the province of Manitoba 17,825,000 acres; in Saskatchewan, 104,878,000 acres; and in Alberta 117,269,000 acres.

The Apaches, who for many years were the scourge of Arizona and New Mexico, probably never numbered more than 10,000. The present number is about 6,000, and most of them live in the White Mountain reservation, Arizona.

China has three crops of tea—the spring crop in April, the second in May and the "even flower" crop about the first of July. The export season is throughout the year. Three crops of rice are harvested; export of this products is prohibited.

Accidents at sea are costly. Damages to the amount of over $128,000 were claimed by the owners of the St. Paul in collision with which the British gladiator was sunk last year. The British admiralty registrar awarded about $95,760.

The students of the University of Chicago have decided to put the subject of whether or not the honor system shall govern all examinations to popular vote. All indications point toward the adoption of the plan by a large majority.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists principally of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

Mrs. Josephone Sullivan is the first policewoman of Chicago. She was sworn in the other day and invested with all the authority and privileges given to special policemen of that city. She was assigned to detecting thieves and pickpockets in the department stores.

Brazil has some corking tariff duties—penknives, 291 per cent; screws, 834 per cent; iron racks, 430 per cent; iron bits, 626 per cent; school chalk, 552 per cent; key rings, 629 per cent. American canned vegetables pay duties of 349 per cent; canned fruits, 415; onions, 616.

Regarded as a whole, the European champagne vintage of 1908 approaches that of the preceding year neither in quantity nor in quality. Wet and mildew were encountered throughout the year, and there were diseases and insect pests. Cognac was a small crop, as was claret.

One of the most important needs of China today is wireless telegraphy. It is considered practically impossible to establish the ordinary land lines across the great deserts between Pekin and the extreme northwest, but the natural difficulties could be surmounted by the use of wireless.

A fuel-testing plant is being established by the Canadian government for investigating the nat

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

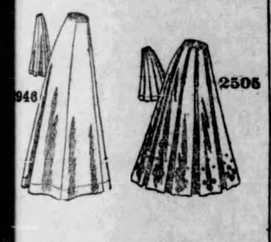
2949—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with one-piece plain sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves, and with or without back-yoke facing. This is a plain tailored model adaptable to linen, chambray or gingham. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2922—Ladies' One-Piece Circular Corset Cover, with or without Peplum. Nainsook, batiste, jaconet, muslin, either plain or cross-barred, or China silk are the best materials for the development of this simple pattern. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2537—Girls' and Child's One-Piece Dress, with three-quarter sleeves. This model is a very pretty and simple one for the every-day frock of chambray, cotton, voile or lawn. 6 sizes—2 to 12 years.

2921—Girls' and Child's Empire Dress, with Princess panel, high or Dutch neck and long or short sleeves. A pretty and simple model for the afternoon or best frock during the warm days of summer. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2946—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt. This dainty model is adaptable to any of the summer materials and may be used as a separate garment or as part of an entire costume. 7 sizes—22 to 34.



2505—Misses' One-Piece Box-Plaited Skirt, with straight lower edge. This may be made of some woolen materials or in any of the summer materials it is equally effective. 3 sizes—15 to 17.

2294—Child's Rompers. Plain or checked dotted, or figured gingham, linen, Indian-head cotton, duck or chambray are all suitable materials for the development of this garment. 5 sizes—2 to 10 years.

2397—Boys' Shirt Waist, with separate turn-down collar. A splendid model for the waist of pongee, Victoria lawn, chambray, gingham or linen. 7 sizes—3 to 15 years.

2918—Ladies' Shirt Waist Suit, consisting of a shirt waist having one-piece plain or regulation shirt sleeves, and an attached nine-gored skirt. This suit is especially adaptable to linen, cotton, voile, Victoria lawn or dimity. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2930—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 44-inch length. A good model for linen, duck, Indian-head cotton or flannel. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2933—Misses' Shirt Waist, with one-piece tucked sleeves or regulation shirt sleeves. A good model for the every-day shirt of madras, linen, Victoria lawn or dimity. 3 sizes—15 to 17.

2928—Ladies' Shirt-Waist. A model adaptable to almost any material and one that is much worn this season. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2920—Girls' Envelope Dress, Closing with Buttons at Each Side and Having a Separate Guimpe. A good model for chambray or gingham, with a guimpe of Persian lawn or muslin. 5 sizes—for 12 years.

2931—Childs' Reefer. A pretty little model for heavy linen, pique Indian-head cotton, or duck as well as Panama, serge, or flannel, with collar hand-embroidered. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

2569—Ladies' Nine-Gored Maternity Skirt, with Extra Length at Top and Extra Width under Front Box-Plait for Readjusting and Having an Inverted Box-Plait at the Back. This model will make up well in any material, and is simple in construction, the instructions of the pattern being easily understood. 7 sizes—22 to 34 (normal waist-measure).

2516—Ladies' Sixteen Circular Skirt, Closing with Buttons Down the Front and Having an Inverted Box-Plait at center of Back. This model may be made to advantage in any material and is especially suitable for the skirt of crepe-de-Chine or silk costume. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

1554—Infants' Slips—One Gathered at Neck, with Bishop Sleeves, and the Other without Fullness at the Neck and with Plain Sleeves. Both these models may be made in nainsook, batiste, Victoria lawn or muslin, prettily stitched by hand. One size.

2420—Ladies' Dressing-Sack, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Dimity, lawn, silk or organdie are adaptable for the summer dressing-sack. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2934—Ladies' Night-Gown. Fine French batiste, muslin, nainsook. Persian lawn, or dimity may be used for one of these dainty garments. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2932—Ladies' Work Apron, with or without Bib. This serviceable pattern may be developed to advantage in gingham, chambray, linen, duck or India-head cotton. 3 sizes—small, medium and large.

12 QUART CASE WHISKEY For $5 Only

We ship full 32 ounce quarts—not 16 ounce pint bottles.

Our Offer: Send us $5.00 and we will ship you a case of **Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey** in 12 full 32 ounce quart bottles, (not 16 ounce pint bottles) to your nearest express station, without marks to betray contents. It is fine straight whiskey (no spirits, no compound, no blend, no imitation whiskey—nothing but straight whiskey.)

Only 500 Cases to be sold at this Price Full 32-Ounce Quarts—not 16-ounce pint bottles

(5 Premium Coupons, worth 50c, sent in each case)

Druggists' Extra Special Distillation Whiskey is put up for the Drug Trade in the Prohibition States, where a large demand for a pure, high grade whiskey exists. We are informed that the retail druggists usually sell it over the counter at $1.50 per bottle. This whiskey is pure, conscientiously distilled, guaranteed under National Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30th, 1906, and is intended only for physicians' prescription purposes. We refer to Atlantic National and Barnett National Banks of our city and refund money to all dissatisfied customers just as cheerfully as it was received. (People who object to the word **distillery** can remit to The Ocean Co.)

This ad will not appear again, so mail an order today to

THE OCEAN DISTILLERY, Ageing Warehouse No. 32, Jacksonville, Fla.

$5.25 "23" JEWELED WATCHES Our great Engine Special watch patterned after the 23 jeweled R. R. watches, has locomotive on dial and works, isochronometric patent regulator, breguet hair spring, genuine and ornamental jewels in gold settings giving it the appearance of a genuine 23 jeweled watch. Solid ore-oliver, strong heavy 3 oz. dust-proof screw case. Both case and works guaranteed 20 years. Free Examination. Cut this out and send it to us with your name, post office and express office address, and we will send the watch by express for examination. If satisfactory pay express agent $5.25 and express charges and it is yours. Write today. Address S. Lindall, Sec'y. Dept. 127, Chicago.

REFUSES TO COMPLY

Attorney General Will Not Obey Senate Orders.

Washington, June 28.—Attorney General Wickersham refuses to send to the senate the files in the department of justice relating to the trial of Dr. E. B. Perrin, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government in California timber land cases.

This data was demanded in connection with the nomination of Robert Devlin to be United States attorney for the northern district of California. The senate committee on judiciary today decided to put over the Devlin nomination until the next regular session of congress.

LINE LINERS IN LONG RACE

London, June 28.—The American line steamer New York won the ocean race between the nine liners which started from New York June 19, arriving at Plymouth four hours ahead of the Hamburg-American steamer Amerika.

An exciting contest took place between the Lapland and Amerika, which were within sight of each other throughout the entire voyage. They passed Eddystone within 30 minutes of each other.

The other steamers were the Baltic, Minnehaha, Barbarossa, Koenig Albert, Germania and Furnessia.

FINDS U. S. HOSPITALS BEST

But French Scientist Says We Have Many Poor Doctors.

Paris, June 25.—Prof. Samuel Pozzi, of the University of Paris, who recently paid a lengthy visit to the United States, lectured last evening before the society of hospital physicians. He extolled the American hospitals and the skill of the surgeons, pronouncing them the best in the world. On the other hand, he said, laxity in university regulations in past years has had the effect of creating a number of insufficiently trained and unskilled doctors.

RUSSIAN FORCES IN PERIL

Reinforcements Likely to Be Sent to Persia.

St. Petersburg, June 26.—The situation in Persia is regarded as quite serious, and as the Russian force there is likely to prove insufficient in case the disorders spread, there is a possibility that a separate column will be sent from the Caucasus to Teheran, as the troops at Tabriz cannot be spared. One hundred Cossacks have arrived at Meshed. Special dispatches from Tabriz say that the Russians are making large numbers of arrests and are searching houses and confiscating arms.

HONORS ITS FOUNDER

Grand Army Raises Statue of Stephenson.

Washington, June 28.—One of the greatest events in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic will occur when the statue erected in this city of Dr. Benjamin Franklin Stephenson, founder of the organization, will be unveiled, July 3. In connection with the unveiling exercises there will be a parade of all available United States military and naval forces and the District militia. President Taft will deliver an address, followed by Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, who will be the orator of the day.

The shaft is of granite, about forty feet high and triangular in shape. On each of its three sides are groups, in bronze, representing the three cardinal principles of the G. A. R.—fraternity, charity and loyalty. On the western side is a bronze idealized medallion of Dr. Stephenson in the uniform of an officer of the Civil War.

While the shaft will be a memorial to Dr. Stephenson, it also is intended to be a memorial to the G. A. R. itself. It has been erected at a cost of $40,000, the G. A. R. contributing $30,000 and the national government $10,000. At the unveiling General Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia, past commander-in-chief, will formally turn over the memorial to Commander-in-Chief Nevins, who will accept and present it to the United States.

United States Senator William H. Warner, of Missouri, past commander-in-chief, will preside.

$25,000,000 REVENUE

Leaders of the Senate Arrange Details of Corporation Tax.

Washington, June 23.—Details of the proposed measure for the taxing of net earnings of corporations were arranged last night at the most important conference that has been held at the White House since Mr. Taft assumed the presidency.

There were present as the President's guests Attorney General Wickersham and Senator Root, who are charged with the task of drafting the measure; Secretary of State Knox, Senators Aldrich, Burrows, Penrose, Hale, Cullom, Flint, Smoot, McCumber and Lodge, constituting the Republican membership of the senate finance committee; Speaker Cannon, Representative Payne, chairman of the house committee on ways and means, and Representative John Dwight, of New York, the Republican whip of the house.

Terms Are Outlined.

The terms of the measure as finally agreed upon provide that all corporations having capital stock and organized for profit shall pay a tax of 2 per cent upon their net earnings. Corporations coming within that designation will be compelled to make returns to specially named agents of the bureau of internal revenue of the treasury department, giving the amount of their gross receipts, capital stock, bonded indebtedness and all other visible debts.

Separated from these returns the corporation will be compelled to report the amount of their net receipts, after deducting their general and ordinary running expenses, interest on bonds up to the amount of the capital stock of the corporation, interest on notes and other forms of tangible indebtedness, and any actual loss that may have been incurred in business, which loss was not made up by incurrence, salvage or other form of return.

Allows $5,000 Exemption.

Each corporation will be allowed $5,000 exemption, which means that the tax will not be collected except upon earnings in excess of $5,000.

The tax will be collected upon the entire amount of preferred and common stock of every corporation and upon the bonds of a corporation where they exceed the total amount of capital.

It is intended that the tax shall become operative immediately upon the passage of the law.

Leaders in the senate and house have been flooded with telegrams from corporations expressing fear that unscrupulous agents of the internal revenue bureau might use information obtained in some way so as to injure the business of a corporation. This danger was discussed and it was decided that only especially designated agents of the bureau should be permitted to interrogate corporations concerning their business.

Insurance Companies Included.

It was decided that all incorporated insurance companies organized for profit shall be brought within the terms of the proposed corporation tax law. This will not exempt so-called mutual insurance companies which admittedly, or which can be proved, to have been organized as profit taking institutions. Neither will it exempt fraternal concerns which come within that interpretation of the law.

Estimates place the amount that would be raised by the proposed 2 per cent tax on net earnings of corporations, after taking into consideration all of the exemptions stated, at from $25,000,000 to $30,000,000.

LOSES AIRSHIP SHED

Wellman Meets With New Delay in Far North.

Tromsoe, Norway, June 28.—The steamer Arctic of Walter Wellman's North pole expedition has returned from Spitzbergen with her flags at halfmast, bringing the news that Knud Johnson, one of the two men who remained at the Wellman camp last winter, had perished in the pack ice and that the airship shed had been destroyed by a heavy storm.

May 19 Johnson went with his fellow watchman, Paul Bjoervig, on a hunting expedition over the pack ice. The ice was moving and Johnson fell through a crevasse into the sea. Bjoervig held out a long stock for Johnson to grasp, but he was unconscious. Bjoervig then ran back to the camp and got a rope but when he returned to the chevasse Johnson's body had disappeared.

A strong gale from the southwest sprang up on Christmas day and lasted eight days. Bjoervig, who has spent many winters in Spitzbergen and has been with Wellman on every Arctic expedition since 1894, says he never before saw so fierce a storm as that one. It reached its climax on the night of December 2, when it entirely destroyed the airship shed. The whole roof, which was 70 feet wide and 215 feet long, was carried 100 yards away and broken to pieces and then the remaining portions of the building collapsed.

Anticipating the possibility that the airship house might be destroyed, Walter Wellman had sent by the Arctic timber and other repairing materials. Arthur Wellman, who is in command at the camp, reports that the work of rebuilding the house already has begun.

Chief Engineer Vaniman has prepared plans for the erection of a new and stronger building. Additional timber has been ordered from Tromsoe and a relay of workmen has been engaged and will proceed to Spitzbergen in a few days. The Arctic will return immediately for another cargo.

Messrs. Wellman and Vaniman say that the destruction of the airship house means a delay of four or five weeks and they are uncertain whether it will be practical to finish the new hall in time to make the voyage northward this summer, but they are determined to make the best possible fight against the ill luck which seems to have pursued the expedition.

If it is found impossible to make the voyage this summer, Messrs. Wellman and Vaniman assert that they will continue their efforts as long as it is necessary to attain success. With good weather it will be possible to proceed in August, but with bad weather it would be impracticable.

MORO BANDIT IS ELUSIVE

U. S. Troops Rout Filipinos, but Leader Escapes.

Manila, June 28.—Successful operations against Jikiri's band of Moro bandits have been conducted during the past few days by Capts. Byralt, Rhodes and Anderson, commanding detachments of the Sixth cavalry that are co-operating with the mosquito fleet under Capt. Signor.

Capt. Anderson struck the band on Pata island, and in the running engagement that followed five of the bandits were killed. A number were wounded and several others were captured by friendly Moros.

Thirty-one of the band were killed or captured during the past thirty days, but Jikiri himself always manages to elude capture.

FLEET READY FOR WORK

More Than Forty Warships Will Be Assembled at Provincetown.

THE ATLANTIC FLEET.

Battleships	16
Torpedo Boats	12
Submarines	4
Armored Cruisers	3
Scout Cruisers	3
Auxiliaries	3
Target Boats	2
Total	42

This immense battle fleet, under command of Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, will maneuver along the New England coast summer.

Washington, June 26.—With two months of hard work before it, the Atlantic battleship fleet is assembling in Hampton Roads, Virginia, for the summer maneuvers, which will be extensive and exhaustive. The fleet may be divided into two squadrons and fight against each other, and a dozen torpedo boats will make attacks on the big battleships, whose officers and men will be required to exert extreme vigilance, also, to guard against the stealthy little submarine torpedo boats, four of which, with a parent ship, are attached to the fleet.

Under Rear Admiral Seaton Schroeder, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, will be nearly half a hundred ships of war ranging in size from the big 16,000-ton flagship Connecticut to the little 170-ton submarine Tarantula.

To Cruise Along the Coast.

Fleet drills and exercises involving tactical problems and battle evolutions will be held in New England waters during the latter part of July and the early part of August. Then the fleet will proceed to the southern drilling grounds of the Virginia capes, for record and battle target practice. This shooting will occupy about two weeks beginning August 19. At its close the vessels will return to Hampton Roads and go thence to their home yards for any repairs necessary before the winter maneuvers in West Indian waters.

Thirteen of the battleships of the present fleet made the trip around the world; the other three are new vessels. The older ships have been painted slate color and the newly adopted fire control mast, which has been called the "inverted waste basket," installed. This summer's maneuvers will afford the first opportunity for a crucial test of these masts.

Four of the vessels will not be able to leave the navy yards for a week or more. The other twelve ships will proceed from Hampton Roads next Tuesday for New England ports, where the sailors and officers will be granted liberty from July 2 to 6. Four ships will be at Boston for Independence Day, two at Penobscot Bay, two at Portland, Me., and one each at Marblehead, Mass., Portsmouth, N. H., Eastport, Me., Rockport, Mass., Gloucester, Mass., and Booth Bay, Me., the other two ships going where designated by the division commander.

Headquarters at Provincetown.

With the reassembling of the battleships at Rockport, Mass., July 7, will begin the work of the summer. Together they will proceed to Provincetown, which will be headquarters until August 5. From Provincetown the fleet will proceed to sea each week, returning Saturday nights. On these trips will occur the fleet drills and evolutions, and by courtesy of the navy department the citizen sailors of the naval militias of several eastern states will be taken out for a week for inspection on the big ships.

At Provincetown the Atlantic torpedo fleet will join the battleships, consisting of a torpedo flotilla of twelve boats with the cruiser Dixie as parent ship and a submarine fleet of four new submarine torpedo boats with the gunboat Castine as parent ship.

At the conclusion of the exercises the big fleet will proceed to Hampton Roads to coal preparatory to target practice.

For the first time in the history of the navy firing will be done on the open sea and in every condition of weather so as to attain practice at as nearly battle conditoins as possible.

Night firing under the same conditions will be carried on. For the target practice the two old torpedo boats Nicholson and O'Brien have been dismantled and prepared as targets. The hulls have been filled with cork and this, it is expected, will keep them afloat after they have been riddled with projectiles.

They will be towed at different speeds and will be fired at by the battleships running at varying speed. Results of the practice will be kept secret.

Cruisers May Join.

It is probable that the scout cruisers Cheater, Salem and Birmingham and the armored cruisers North Carolina, Montana and New York will join the fleet at Provincetown. The cruiser Montgomery, which has been fitted up as a torpedo experimental ship will also be with the fleet.

Secretary of the Navy Meyer has been considering going to sea with the fleet during the maneuvers to watch the work of the ships, but has not yet come to a final decision in the matter. While at Rockport, Mass., July 7, or later at Provincetown, President Taft may find it convenient to review Admiral Schroeder's fleet from either his small yacht Sylph or his bigger yacht Mayflower.

SET HARRIMAN HOME AFIRE

Incendiaries Nearly Destroy Town of Goshen.

New York, June 25.—A fire of incendiary origin, believed to have been started by negroes as the result of a race feud growing out of the election of Governor Hughes last fall, was discovered at 2 o'clock yesterday morning in Goshen, the summer home of E. H. Harriman. Before it was extinguished the town was nearly destroyed.

The feud between the whites and the blacks is of long standing, and grows out of political conditions. The ill feeling was brought to a climax at the election last fall, when the negro vote, controlled by Boss Hock, was cast solidly against Hughes because of his anti-gambling crusade. As the result of this election the business men and manufacturers have discharged most of the negroes in the hope of ridding the town of them, and they have reciprocated with many acts of violence.

DRIFTED SIX DAYS ON OCEAN

Sailors Who Were Thought Dead Return.

New York, June 28.—Six whalemen from New Bedford, Mass., long given up for dead, were brought safe to land here today by the White Star Liner Celtic. On March 10, off the west coast of Africa, Antone Penna, third mate of the brig Sullivan and his boat's crew of five men were carried so far by a whale to which they had made fast that the ship's lookout lost them in the twilight.

With but one day's rations and no water but the rain, they drifted six days before they were picked up by the steamer Max Brock, so weakened that they had to be carried on board. The Brock put them ashore at Teneriffe, and they have been the rest of the time making their way home. Penna has a wife and three children, who had no hope of seeing him again.

SPOIL LEGEND OF FLAG

Barbara Frietchie Stories Denied by "Up-to-Date" Historians.

Boston, June 25.—Not many people go to see it, and few know that it is there, but, tucked away under glass in a cabinet of the library of the Massachusetts commandery of the Loyal Legion in the armory up on Columbus avenue, is the flag of Barbara Fretchie.

It is no hypothetical flag. The red and white stripes of bunting, the thirty-four stars on the blue field, were sewn together by Barbara herself.

Barbara never came to Boston. Yet her choicest possession, the flag which has made her name a household word all through the country, has been in this city since 1862.

Its journey from Baltimore was a sad one. Draped across the coffin of General Reno, who was killed at South Mountain, it spoke an eloquent tribute to the officer who had been so touched by the patriotism of the loyal old lady of Frederick.

Out of the web of many stories which have clung to Barbara Frietchie's life and memory a new one comes to life, substantiated by the flag. Several weeks ago at the time when Barbara Frietchie's table was sold at auction, its former owner, Colonel George Alfred Townsend, veteran war correspondent, better known as "Gath," who was in the city at the time of the sale, told the story of the meeting of General Reno with Barbara Frietchie.

Probably Never Fired Upon.

"General Jackson probably never fired either upon Barbara Frietchie or the flag," he said in his office one afternoon. "He was always gentle and chivalrous toward women and children. I had some correspondence with a member of General Jackson's staff, who was with him at both times when he was in Frederick, and I have never been able to find any foundation for the incident. General Jackson did not pass the house of Barbara Frietchie and he never saw her.

"I believe, however, that she kept this same flag flying from the dormer window while the rebel troops were in the town. She was a staunch Unionist, with a great deal of spirit. Not even her friends were in sympathy with her, and it required a good deal of courage to be a Union woman in a southern city."

It was not given to Mr. Reno to hear the story of Barbara Frietchie from his father's lips, for Gen. Reno was killed on the day she gave him her home sewn flag. The story has come down to the family from an uncle, Col. Reno, who was his brother's companion on that day when the Union troops paused in Frederick before the battle of South mountain.

The incident, so tragic in the light of that which followed, is described by Col. Reno in a letter to his dead brother's sons. This letter was read by Mr. Reno before the Massachusetts commandery of the Loyal Legion and was published in their annals:

Gift to General Reno.

"On Saturday morning, Sept. 13, 1862, the Union forces started to leave Frederick on their way to the battle fields of South mountain and Antietam. My brother was early in the saddle, and while riding down West Patrick street, accompanied by members of his staff, he was attracted by the crowd of people in front of Barbara Frietchie's house.

"It was common talk in the town at that time among the soldiers that some old lady had kept a Union flag flying from her window while the Confederates held possession of the town, and that some of the Confederate soldiers had fired upon the flag.

My brother reined in his horse, and, upon being told the age and character of Barbara Frietchie, exclaimed: 'The spirit of '76.' He then dismounted, walked to the steps of Barbara Frietchie's house, upon her invitation, shook hands with her and stepped into the house for a few moments. Mrs. Frietchie served him a glass of her home-mad currant wine, and, after a few moment's conversation, Gen. Reno asked if she would sell him one of her flags.

"Mrs. Frietchie declined to sell either one of the flags, but kindly presented him with the large bunting flag which she had kept flying from her dormer window. He then came out of the house and handed the flag to me. My brother was quite affected by the interview, and when he gave me the flag he said: 'Frank, whom does she put you in mind of?' 'Mother,' I answered, and he nodded his head in the affirmative."

For a long time the flag had a small paper tag pinned to the bottom, on which was written in Mrs. Reno's handwriting, "Barbara Frietchie's flag."

Treasured with the flag is a cane made from wood taken from Barabra Frietchie's home in Frederick. There is also a photograph of Barbara Frietchie, a picture of her home and of the place where she was buried.

Barbara Frietchie had a silk flag which she kept in her Bible. This is now in the possession of her great-grandniece, inclosed in a frame and hung in her home in Frederick, Md.

ESCAPES TILL FALL

Heinze's Sentence to Hang Over His Head.

New York, June 26.—Arthur P. Heinze, one of the brothers whose banking and copper operations have been the subject of investigation since the collapse of their copper pool, was found guilty last night by a jury in the United States circuit court of corruptly impeding the administration of justice in connection with the disappearance of the United Copper company's books.

After a long wrangle between attorneys sentence was suspended by Judge Hay until Oct. 11, the court declaring that by holding the sentence over Heinze's head "as a prod," he might be induced to bring about the restoration of the missing books. The maximum penalty under the law is three months in jail or a fine of $500.

Immediately after the reading of the Heinze verdict Judge Ray pronounced sentence in the case of Robinson. The lawyer escaped with a fine of $250, added to which, however, was a verbal lashing from Judge Ray, who declared that he "had seldom had a harder case upon which to pass," and that it was incomprehensible to him how a lawyer of "education and standing could stoop to become a party in such a violation of law."

CAPITAL IS $75,000,000

Southern Pacific Incorporates Its Mexican Branch.

Trenton, N. J., June 24.—The Southern Pacific Railroad company of Mexico, was incorporated here today with an authorized capital of $75,000,000, divided into 750,000 shares at $100 each.

The object of the company is to build a railroad in Mexico under concessions granted by the Republic of Mexico to J. A. Naugle, representing the Southern Pacific Railroad company.

The incorporators are Charles C. Tegethoss, George E. Downs, William F. Johnson, Charles Franklin, all of New York, and Robert B. McCreary, of Elizabeth, N. J.

DRIVE JAPS FROM ISLE

Whites in Hawaii Say One of Two Races Must Yield.

Honolulu, July 28.—One hundred Filipino strikebreakers are coming to Hawaii to replace some of the Japanese laborers at once and others are expected. The sugar planters have started a campaign to oust all Japanese laborers from the archipelago. The gravest fears of the result of this action are entertained.

The situation today is more serious than it has been since the start of the strike. It is made more tense by the careful attitude of Admiral Ijich, in command of the two Japanese training cruisers in the harbor. The admiral is refusing Japanese invitations owing to the fear that any acceptance on his part might tend to show, in a minor way, the sympathies of his government.

Shaping to a Crisis.

No one attempts now to deny the fact that a crisis of unusual importance is approaching. Prominent planters say that it is a case of driving the Japanese, who outnumber the whites in the islands, from Hawaii or submitting to eventual Japanese control of the sugar industry and from the possible control of commercial activity.

The news of the coming of the Filipinos has struck the Japanese here, both those of the laboring class and the better class of merchants, including the few Japanese planters, with unpleasant force. They realize fully that this means a battle for supremacy in the islands, and they are not at all sanguine that such a battle will be merely that of commercial competition. In fact, the realization of the acuteness of the situation is causing an attitude on the part of the Japanese more unpleasant than any they have yet adopted.

Americans Are Confident.

On the other hand, the whites, feeling that they are preparing to make a final stand against the encroachments of Japan, are willing to let the situation force itself into whatever channels it may. They express confidence that they will be justified in taking any steps which they may decide to take, and that they will have the moral and military support of the government if affairs reach such a stage.

One of the leading planters summed up the situation today as follows:

"The white or the yellow man must rule here. Both cannot. We are taking the initiative by sending for Filipinos. If we do not our defeat will be gradual but certain. It may mean almost anything. The end may be peaceful here in the islands; it may be fought out on the seas and in other territory. But whatever may result we are confident that nothing we do will be construed as unjust or unwarrantable. We await the crisis, but we do not fear it."

The Japanese and Americans of Hawaii construe the return of Ambassador Takahira to Japan and his recent trip to the Orient as having a bearing upon the situation here.

In the meantime the American cruiser St. Louis and the two Japanese training ships lie in the harbor side by side.

TAFT PRODS CUBANS

Stiff Note Is Sent to the Islanders.

Washington, June 28.—The state department has recently sent a very stiff note to Cuba concerning several things of deep interest to this government which are not being handled by the Cuban government to the satisfaction of the Washington administration.

The note to Cuba deals with four subjects: the Oliver road building contract; the McGivney-Rokeby contract for paving and sewering Havana; the proposition for an exchange of property between the United Railways of Havana, an English corporation, and the Cuban government, and the construction of certain public buildings by the company, and the purchase of arms for the Cuban army in France and elsewhere in Europe without giving American manufacturers a chance to participate in the contract.

The Cubans are behind in payments to the Oliver company, which is constructing a section of a road from San Cristobal to Pinar del Rio, the capital of the province of that name, and another road near Manzanillo, in the province of Santiago.

The contract is held by William J. Oliver, of Knoxville, Tenn. He acquired the Manzanillo contract by purchase from another contractor and got the Pinar del Rio contract from Governor Magoon during the rule of the provisional government.

The Cuban government has been backward in making the prescribed monthly settlements, and recently Mr. Oliver made a personal protest to President Taft. It was the second time that he found it necessary to call on this government for action in the matter.

HEAT IS FATAL TO A GIANT

Abdallah Leaves Theatre to Shoot Himself.

New York, June 28.—Abdallah, the great strong man, snapped the tie that held him to life yesterday. Abdallah, the man who once made the leap for life across Madison Square Garden, while thousands held their breath, took the grand leap into eternity. He took it in a poorly furnished little room on the top floor of a tenement in one of the most miserable sections of New York.

But a few hours before his suicide by shooting, spectators at Keith & Proctor's Fifth avenue theatre had watched the giant in his gay attire defy fatigue. They had seen him hold six men about his gigantic frame as though they were but ribbons hung from a May pole.

Abdallah was Donald McDonald, a canny Scot, who was born in Glasgow twenty-nine years ago.

UNVEIL MONUMENT TO DUNBAR

James Whitcomb Riley Takes Part in Dayton Exercises.

Dayton, June 28.—James Whitcomb Riley helped Matilda Dunbar, ex-slave and mother of the colored poet, Paul Laurence Dunbar, from her carriage Saturday and conducted her to the platfrom at the unveiling of her son's monument. The aged woman wept when an unpublished poem of gratitude from her son to his patron poet was read.

James Whitcomb Riley first became acquainted with Dunbar when the latter was an elevator boy here. Riley was lecturing in the city, he said, and happened to read some of the boy's verse. He was struck with his merit and called on him in the levator. From then on they corresponded until the young man died in 1906.

The monument was unveiled by the poet's favorite nephew, Paul Laurence Dunbar Murphy, aged 9, of Chicago. In compliance with a wish in one of the poet's death songs, a willow was planted today over his grave.

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WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know; particulars for 2c stamp. Secret Formula Co., Fountaintown, Ind.

TAILORING AGENTS—BIG MONEY
Write at once for proposition. How to make big money taking orders for made-to-order clothing. Sample Book and Traveling Case Free. Moll Tailoring Co., Dept. F. No. 158 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

34 YEARS OLD, never married, good health, character, some accomplishments. Mining man accumulated $25,000. Desires to know lady 18 to 30, fair looking, possessing good common sense and who would appreciate good home; no objection to widow; object matrimony. John W. Grant, Truckee, Calif.

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WHY SUFFER WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Indiana, and get full-sized 50c box Kaskers Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hours. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bedwetting.

FOR SALE—Ideal homes in the Famous Red River Valley. Farms from 160 A. up. Near markets, schools, churches, telephone and mail delivery. $25 to $40 per A., easy terms. Let us show you. F. S. Tinslar, Drayton, N. D.

AGENTS—New pat'd article everybody needs; sells for 50c; pays 100 per cent profit; pocket sample; big seller. Bullard Mfg. Co., 138 Summer St., Boston.

DRUMOPHONE—Great musical novelty, band in itself, pleases all, easily played; over 50,000 sold; price, $1; write for particulars. Music Novelty Co., 137 E. Prairie st., Decatur, Illinois.

FLORIDA CELERY FARMS. Fortunes being made in Sanford celery delta on small farms. We sell them from 1¼ acres; $10 down, $10 monthly; no taxes; no interest. Howard-Packard Land Co., Box A, Sanford, Fla.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory FREE. Pay when married. New plan. Box E. G. 314, Kansas City, Mo.

Tobacco Habit cured or no cost. Safe, sure, permanent, NI-KO Co., Wichita, Kan.

NEW LIGHT ON SUBSIDY

Advocates of Plan Give Dinner to Taft and Cannon.

Washington, June 24.—Ship subsidy was revived and a new form of campaign was inaugurated at a dinner given at the New Willard Hotel last night. A new bill has been prepared and will be introduced in the house by Representative Humphrey, of Washington, and in the senate by some friend of ship subsidy, probably by Senator Gallinger.

Speaker Cannon was the guest of honor at the dinner last night and President Taft gave encouragement to the promoters of the measure by dropping in upon the diners shortly after 9 o'clock and remaining a short time. The hosts were officials and members of the Merchant Marine League, with headquarters at Cleveland.

An Elaborate Organization.

The avowed purpose of the dinner was to persuade President Taft, Speaker Cannon and the Republican leaders that the new Humphrey bill should be made a part of the Republican legislative program next winter. Officers of the league explained to their guests the details of a remarkable organization with members in 200 of the 391 congressional districts, to create sentiment in behalf of the Humphrey bill.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Being cheerful is a form of worship that should never be neglected. The Lord doesn't love a long face.

MONDAY

If there is any scolding to be done let some other person do it, while we do the smiling.

TUESDAY

Our own weaknesses are the greatest barriers we have to surmount.

WEDNESDAY

Look for the best in others and give the best we have. Nothing else is worth while.

THURSDAY

"It's the song ye sing and the smiles ye wear,
That's makin' the sun shine everywhere."

FRIDAY

By being happy we may help others to look on the bright side of things.

SATURDAY

Worry is one thing that should be put off till next week, and then forgotten.

THE BIRTH OF A DAY

How many of us stop to consider the beauty, the sweetness and the hope of the dawn? The birth of a new day should mean a great deal to us. If it does not, then we have ended our usefulness, and we have nothing but memories to cling to.

We have reached the season when the world's beauty shines its brightest. There is nothing grander or more sublime than the summer morning's burst of glory. Earth and heaven are resplendent. It is at the break of day that the bird's throat is clearest and his melody the sweetest. To him night has been a heaven of dreams, and he wakes with a message from God—a message of cheer and hope and love and life.

The wise person lets the glory of the summer morning into his heart. He throws open the windows of his soul and allows the flood of sunlight to wash away the fears and dread of night. Then he is ready for a new day; and if there are to be great tasks and little vexations he is prepared to meet them with faith and courage.

The birth of a day is a grand thing. We should welcome each one as a special blessing from heaven, and if we absorb its sweetness we are well fortified against all annoyances, and when night comes it will descend as a benediction.

DUTIES OF ELDEST DAUGHTER

In many families children think the oldest daughter holds the most enviable position of all, and, while this may be true to a certain extent, it must not be forgotten that her place in the home carries responsibilities not to be ignored.

It is quite right and proper to expect the oldest daughter to be her mother's constant helper and companion, and it is also expected that she will be an example in disposition and deportment of the other children. The oldest girl naturally becomes her mother's confidante and in a large sense shares her life on all sides and stands ready to relieve or aid her on all occasions. So dutiful a daughter as this finds her time occupied in a hundred ways at home, and while enjoying the companionship of her young friends, does not have as much leisure for them as does the second or third daughter.

Some eldest daughters, who have a pronounced domestic taste, like experiments in housekeeping, at which they frequently succeed so well that eventually they manage the kitchen. To have this duty taken from the mother is often a great relief to one weary with years of domestic care.

The oldest girl has duties toward her father, too, and by taking thought can minister to his pleasure and to his comfort in many ways. She can keep a watchful eye on his cigar box and remind him when it is empty, so that he may not experience the annoyance of finding himself without any to offer his friends, or be compelled to go without for an evening, and she can see that his newspaper is always where he can find it, morning and night. The housekeeping daughter will cater to her father's taste in viands, studying his preferences and ordering for him things which he particularly likes.

Toward the younger members of the family the eldest daughter is helpful in many ways if she recognizes and tries to discharge her duties. She assists them with their studies, entertains them by playing games, either sharing their old ones or discovering new ones for them to try, she reads aloud or tells stories, she takes them out to play or to places of interest, and in no end of ways is an ideal older sister.

THE SAVAGE MIND

Miss F. Klickmann, assistant literary superintendent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in London, is necessarily in close touch with missionary work all over the world, especially in connection with the dissemination of the Scriptures, and has many opportunities of observing the strange mental attitude of natives.

"Some of the curiosties of the savage mind," she writes, "are shown very strikingly in connection with the distribution of the Bible. In many parts of the world the natives are considerably affected by the appearance of anything that is given or sold to them. Certain vivid colors appear to possess for them peculiar fascination. I believe that traders who seek to do business among natives frequently wrap the goods they have to sell in paper of a particular color most appreciated by the natives of the district.

"This love of vivid colors is particularly strong in India, and the Gospels which we send out for sale in the bazars are protected by bindings of brightly colored paper. Each Gospel has its particular color, and these are selected according to the length of the Gospel. The native of India likes to get as much as possible for his money. He will buy a bulky Gospel merely for its bulk, independently of what color it is bound in; but in order to make him purchase the shorter Gospels these have to be bound in whichever of the bright, crude colors are known to take his fancy most. Very large quantities of brightly colored binding papers—green, red, yellow and blue—are sent out from time to time to various depots in India. Quite recently, for instance, twenty tons of it were dispatched in a single week to one depot in Calcutta."—From the July Strand.

Years ago Mark Twain, who has recently celebrated his seventy-third birthday, used to be fond of telling this story: At the dinner table one day there was a party of guests, for whom Mark was doing his best in the way of entertaining. A lady turned to the daughter of the humorist, then a little girl, and said: "Your father is a very funny man." "Yes," responded the child, "when we have company."

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

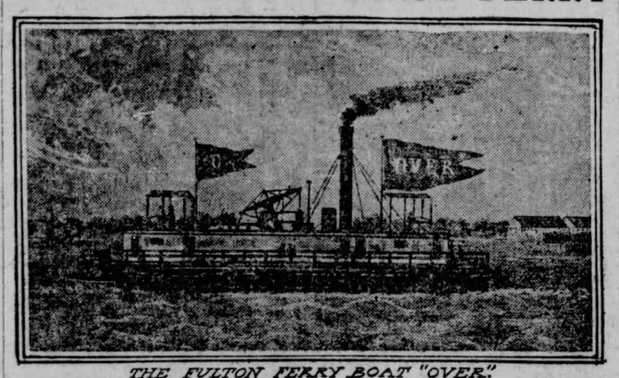
Here comes a little Tennessee girl. I am 12 years old, am four feet, ten inches high and weigh 76 pounds. I have black hair and black eyes and dark complexion. I live in the country, a mile from town. I have no trips to tell about, but I have two large dolls. Their names are Annie and Agnes. If I see this in print I will write again. I have written once, but it did not come out in print. I hope Mr. Wastebasket will not be at home this time. I will not write much. I will give the others room.—Jennie Powell.

I have read the letters from children and thought I would write a letter, too. I am a little girl thirteen years old. I live in the state of California, in the San Joaquin valley, between the coast range mountains and the Sierra Nevadas. I live three miles from the plains where the wild flowers grow, especially wild poppies, also hyacinths, snapdragon, baby blue eyes, buttercups and lots of other kinds. I live on a farm of 80 acres. We raise fruit, alfalfa, horses, cows, chickens and hogs, and we run a dairy. I will sign my name California Wild Flower.

I am a little country girl. I am eleven years old. I have two kitties and a dog. Last summer my dog was hunting and she got a little rabbit, brought it in and laid it in my hand. She is a kind dog. Her name is Gypsy. I live in Ritchie county, state of West Virginia. I haven't seen any letters from Ritchie county so I thought I would write one. I will call again some time. With best wishes to all.—From a Little Country Girl.

I like to read the letters from children which appear in The Blade on the Household page. I am an Indiana farmer's girl and am 11 years old. I go to school when there is school, but it was out in March. We surprised our teacher with a dinner given by the parents of the scholars. I was promoted to the eighth grade this year. I have a little sister of six years who was promoted to the second grade. As for pets, we have a cat and several hens which we are very fond of. I must not write too much for the first time, but if this is printed I may show my face again. I will sign the name my schoolmates call me.—Pickle.

ROBT. FULTON FIRST FERRY



THE FULTON FERRY BOAT "OVER."

Robert Fulton, who did so much for steam navigation and whose name is perpetuated on both sides of the river where his inventions ply, is described by Dr. John W. Francis in this way:

"He was conspicuous for his gentlemanly bearing and freedom from embarrassment; for his extreme activity, his height, somewhat over six feet, his slender yet energetic form and well accommodated dress; for his full and curly dark brown hair, carelessly scattered over his forehead and falling round about his neck. His complexion was fair, his forehead high, his eyes large, dark and penetrating, and revolving in capacious orbits of cavernous depth; his brow was thick, and evinced strength and determination; his nose was long and prominent; his mouth and lips were beautifully proportioned, giving the impress of eloquent utterances, equally as his eyes displayed, according to phrenology, a pictorial talent and the benevolent affections. In his sequestered moments a ray of melancholy marked his demeanor; in the stirring affairs of active business you might readily designate him, indifferent to surrounding objects and persons, giving directions and his own personal appliances to whatever he might be engaged in. Thus have I often observed him on the docks, reckless of temperature and inclement weather, in our early steamboat days, anxious to secure practical issues from his midnight reflections, or to add new improvements to works not yet completed. His floating dock cost him much personal labor of this sort. His hat might have fallen in the water and his coat be lying on a pile of lumber, yet Fulton's devotion was not diverted."

The First Ploughing.

The grip upon the long idle plough is good to farm boy's hand,
When banished is the winter's white, and green is all the land;
One hears men talk of apple blooms, with message straight from God—
But where's the smell that's half so good as new-turned prairie sod?

The mountains that were clear at noon retreat in sunset's haze;
The peak's that loomed against the blue are half-hid now in grape;
And comes then clink of harness steel, as o'er the billowed soil
The horses plod their homeward way from that first day of toil.

And from the square of moist, warm earth, the vagrant breeze has caught
And flung the message of the fields, with golden promise fraught;
Ah, what can match an April day when first the ploughman's blade
Is sheathed in aromatic soil, with Spring's own perfume sprayed!

—Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

JERRY M'AULEY

Standard Baker tells the story of Jerry McAuley in the July American Magazine. It is a simple tale that will touch the hearts of men, women and children.

"As a boy Jerry McAuley never had a chance. Everything was against him. He had grown up in the worst possible environment, where his heroes were thieves and his instructors were drunkards; an environment which still exists in New York for thousands of boys and young men. Before he was twenty years old he had reached the natural result of such a career and had been sentenced to Sing Sing prison for fifteen years and six months. A rude preacher of that day was 'Awful' Gardner, a former prize-fighter and tough whom Jerry had known as a boy. Gardner came to preach to the prisoners at Sing Sing, telling his own story in his own way. It was a rough sort of personal conviction that he had; and he knew the life of the men before him. Jerry was touched, and his conduct and life were immediately changed, so much so that he was pardoned by Governor Dix.

"When he left the prison he had no place to go except to his old haunts in the Bowery and no friends to look after him; and not unnaturally he fell victim again to the environment into which he was so heartlessly cast. For months he was a riotous drunkard, worse than he had ever been before. One night he overheard a missionary preacher talking with a woman; he said that he heard only one word, the name of Jesus; and he decided again to reform. He went with the missionary that night and signed the pledge, but the next day he found it no easier to earn a living honestly than he had before—for he had no training and no knowledge of an honest life. Nor did he have a single friend who knew how to make a living except by stealing. After a day or two of trial the Bowery again overwhelmed him and he deliberately abandoned his idea of reforming and set out with a companion on a marauding expedition. By chance the two met the missionary, who said:

"'Jerry, where are you going?'

"'I can't starve,' said Jerry sullenly.

"'Jerry,' said the missionary, 'come with me. I will pawn this coat before I will see you starve.'

"Jerry looked the coat over and saw that it would not bring fifty cents at the pawn-shop. Then he said:

"'If you think enough of me to do that, I'll die before I steal.'

"From that moment he began the hard upward struggle. Five different times he fell and became riotously drunk, but he kept doggedly at it and finally succeeded. Four years later, after he had thoroughly schooled and tested himself, he started a little mission. At first he met every sort of ridicule, opposition and persecution; at one time hot coals were thrown out of a window upon him, but he continued every night to tell his story to the crowds of 'bums' and toughs who gathered in his small room. It was the simplest kind of story of individual salvation through faith in God.

"Ever since then the meetings have continued, not Sundays only, with a closed church during the remainder of the week, but every day in the year with the mission open from early morning until late at night. Jerry died years ago, but his work has gone around the world, the idea of the rescue mission having been adopted in scores of cities."

Historic Chairs.

Westminster Gazette.

The fact that the king will sit at the next levee in the Henry VII chair will render it of interest to recall recollection to the existence of other historic chairs.

The chair occupied by Charles I at his trial in Westminster hall is now in a cottage hospital at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, in Gloucestershire; the chair of the chief justice of the court of common pleas is in the possession of Lord Coleridge, as an heirloom in his family, having come to his father, the last chief justice of the common pleas and subsequently chief justice of England. The chair of the speaker of the Irish house of commons, which belongs to Viscount Masereene and Farrard, as the descendant of Mr. Foster (Lord Oriel), the last speaker, is now in the National Museum in Dublin.

MEMORIAL STATUE TO A WOMAN

The town of Adrian, Mich., has perpetuated forever the name of Aunt Laura Haviland, a woman who won national repute during Civil war times. The citizens of Adrian formed the Haviland Memorial Association, and, assisted by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, erected to the memory of Aunt Laura a statue and fountain.

The statue's height is nine feet and three inches. The figure represents Aunt Laura sitting in an armchair, dressed in her Quaker garb and bonnet, with its bow of white ribbon, remembered by all who knew her. A copy of her book, A Woman's Life Work, rests in her right hand and the whole work, which is by Barnicoat, of Quincy, Mass., is very lifelike and natural. At the base of the statue appears the name "Laura Smith Haviland," with the dates of her birth and death, 1808 and 1898, appearing on either side.

On three sides of the base of the monument are bronze tablets two feet by one foot and three inches in dimensions with the following appropriate inscriptions:

"Erected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Haviland Memorial association. 'I Was Thirsty and Ye Gave Me Drink.' Matthew xxv. 35."

"A tribute to a life consecreated to the betterment of humanity. In 1839 she established the Raisin Institute of Learning. Fearlessly she combated slavery with a firm reliance on Divine protection, devoting time and means to assist those escaping from bondage.

"During the civil war she nursed the sick and wounded in southern hospitals and on the battlefields. Her memory is revered by our country's defenders. She founded the state public school for dependent children at Coldwater. The industrial home for girls at Adrian owes much to her efforts."

Laura Smith Haviland was born in Kitley, Ont., Canada, December 20, 1808, and with her husband came to Michigan in 1829, where they took up a farm in Raisin township, Lenewee county. In a small building near by she taught the orphans and children whose parents were not able to educate them. Later, with the aid of a brother, Harvey Smith, the Raisin Valley seminary was built. It was the first manual training school in Michigan. It became famous and Mrs. Haviland's efforts and zeal had much to do in starting the state industrial school for girls at Adrian and one for boys at Coldwater.

Mrs. Haviland was one of the organizers of the first anti-slavery society in Michigan, and her home was

STATUE OF AUNT LAURA HAVILAND.

the first underground railroad station in that state. She co-operated with Rachael and Levi Coffin in assisting slaves to escape from the plantations of the south and helping them on to Canada.

So effective was her work that a reward of $3,000 was offered anyone who would deliver her in Kentucky, dead or alive, but she still carried on her rescue work until the outbreak of the civil war, when she went into the Union army as a nurse, and with masterly energy and ability organized camp headquarters, hospitals, corps of nurses and dispensaries for medical supplies.

She died April 30, 1898, in her 90th year, and her remains lie in the Raisin Valley cemetery near her old home.

Four children of Mrs. Haviland are yet alive. They are Rev. Daniel S. Haviland, Lake View, Mich.; Mrs. Myra Blancher and Mrs. Jane Brownell, Oklahoma City, Okla., and Mrs. Anna H. Camburn, Boyne City, Mich.

The statue was dedicated Thursday, June 24. Will Carleton, the poet, pronounced the eulogy.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

May I come in and join your happy band? I live in the mountains of western North Carolina. It is certainly beautiful out here in the country, with birds and flowers and lovely green hills. How I wish some of you M. G. R.'s who live in the cities could step out here some nice cool morning and hear the birds singing their sweet songs, see the beautiful flowers and sunshine and the dew on the grass. We have many lovely views from here—great high mountains, waterfalls and rocks. From Caesar's Head is one of the finest views in North Carolina. From there you can look out over South Carolina, with its great cities.

Red Wing: I, too, think nothing better than a walk through cool, green woods, along the banks of the lovely rivers. I am a country girl and do not think I would ever like the city for a home. I love the country too well to leave it.

La Reins: In what part of North Carolina do you live? I wonder if we are close together? I, too, have seen tobacco grown.

Yetive: Like you, I love the spring best of all. Everything is so full of life. I have never been in Nebraska, but would love to go.

I hope, some time, to see some real, live M. G. R.'s—Marguerite, from the Old North State.

I have never written before but have been reading the dear old Blade for many years. I enjoy the Household page very much and have received much pleasure and information from the letters.

I am eighteen years old and have completed the eighth grade in the Andrews high school and am thinking of taking a school of my own next term.

I have a class in our Sunday school at the Methodist church. I have taken the children on one picnic this summer and you cannot imagine how they enjoyed themselves. We spent the afternoon on Leatherwood Lookout, a mountain near our little town. We ate supper at six o'clock and as we returned home we gathered violets and dogwood blossoms to carry to the church.

I live near a little town in the western part of North Carolina. We have a delightful climate. I do not think our town could be more beautifully situated. It is surrounded with lofty mountains and hills.

The valley through which the river runs gives us a delightful place to stroll in the evening and enjoy the pure, fresh air.

I must close and wait for Blue Bell to write another interesting letter. Wishing the Merry-Go-Rounds a good time this summer.—Lola Matherson.

As this is my first letter it may not be very interesting. I live in a small town of about 1,000 inhabitants, on the north fork of the Solomon river. We have an ice manufactory, an electric light plant a new school building that cost $20,000, a Carnegie library and a business college. I attend the business college, but I take the normal course. I expect to teach school next winter. I would like to see letters from other young teachers in our column.

I am 18 years old but have never been farther than ten miles from my home, so I know very little about the country, but I expect to travel more one of these days.—Blue Eyes from Kansas.

As I have not seen many letters from this state, I thought I would write a few lines. I live in the good old state of Pennsylvania and am proud of it. I will tell you of a few things we raise. Wheat, corn, oats, rye and buckwheat are the chief products, together with peaches, apples and all kinds of fruit. I am a coal miner and have been one for fifteen years. I went into the mines with my father when I was ten years old. There is quite a circle of Blade readers around my home, and I should like to see a letter from everyone of them. I will close, signing my name as they call me here.—Tim.

I do not know what kind of a reception I shall get, but I am coming to see you this once, anyway. I wish to say that I certainly believe life is what we make it. I think life is not life in the true sense unless we make it a benefit to ourselves and an uplift to our community, and it is in the power of everyone to make his life such. I do not believe that God placed us here to be miserable, and it rests largely with ourselves whether we are or not. the surest way to make life a misery, both to ourselves and others, is to leave out each day the little deeds of kindness which would otherwise cheer the lives of many.

Just a few words more and then I will make room for others. I teach school in the winter and work on the farm in the summer. Please do not think of me as a sour, crusty, old demagogue who is always looking on the dark side of life. I like to look on the bright side and gain all the smiles this world has for me.—Merry Teen from W. Va.

I have thought many times of writing, but have neglected it until now when I am making my first appearance. I am a farmer's daughter and live in Wood Co., W. Va., on a farm of seventy acres. We raise sheep, cattle, chickens and we also have a large garden in which we raise all kinds of vegetables. I keep house for my father and little brother. My mother has been dead four long years. I have had many difficulties with my housework, but I find that where there is a will there is a way. I have an organ and can play some. I am a member of the M. E. church and I go to Sabbath school nearly every Sunday. I am trying as near as I can to live up to the M. G. R. motto. With best wishes to all.—Marie.

How-de-do, to all the M. G. R.'s: I have been a reader of the M. G. R. for a long time, and I am just now old enough to join. I hope you all will give me a welcome. I live in the Little Mountain state, and I see many letters from here. We have some beautiful scenery. Mountain ivy is the state flower and it is very beautiful.

Florida Old Man, write often while on your trip around the world and tell of what you see. Mary V., take courage and write again. Sweet Marie from the Keystone State, Isabel, Cara Mia, Diamond, A Lover of Horses, and many others seemed to enjoy the reunion.

I agree with Ettie about a good question to discuss, but we have not heard from all the members on our present questions, and they are good ones. I am afraid I could not say anything on the subject that would be beneficial to anyone, but I will try. I think the most noble thing in either a man or woman is a sweet temper.—Gretchen G.

Home Treatment for Oily Hair

Excessively oily hair is the result of a diseased condition of the scalp, that is sometimes serious, as it makes the glands enlarge and throw off exudations too rapidly. This trouble is usually caused by an unhealthy condition of the system, and is difficult to control, except by internal treatment.

For instance, a girl so afflicted who works during the day in a badly ventilated office, and suffers from indigestion or other internal ailments, must have her body properly nourished and in a comparatively normal state before local applications will be effective.

An oily scalp must be shampooed with discretion, and a tar or sulphur soap should be used in connection with raw eggs when cleansing the hair. One of the best of such cleansing agents is a combination of a tablespoonful of lime water to each raw egg, the mixture beaten together and massaged into the scalp. The lime water has a beneficial effect upon the enlarged glands.

Washing must be done in warm water, using no soap, and the final rinse should be with cold water in order to contract the pores. Even in extreme cases of exudations shampooing is not to be done oftener than once in three weeks. Should the hair become heavy with grease during the intervening weeks much of it can be removed by sprinkling the locks thickly with fine cornmeal, which is brushed out after absorbing the dirt, with a long but soft bristled brush. It is important that the bristles shall be soft, for stiff ones over-stimulate the scalp.

A mixture of three drams of glycerine and four ounces of lime water should be kept on the dressing table and the scalp wet with it every night. This lotion must be rubbed in with the finger tips. At the end of three weeks half an ounce of tincture of cantharides should be added to the original proportions, treatment continuing in the same way. The reason that cantharides is not used at first is because of its stimulating properties, and the fact that the scalp must be soothed, as it were, before it can be toned to normal condition.

A decided change of treatment sometimes benefits a person who may discontinue the use of the lime water combination at the end of three weeks, substituting a tonic made from half an ounce of castor oil, half an ounce of strong liquid ammonia, an ounce of best French brandy and three ounces of rose water. This may be applied every other night. Still another, suited to the condition, is two gills of old whisky with as much rock salt as will dissolve in it, a teaspoonful of glycerine and a half a teaspoonful of flour of sulphur. This may be used every night.

I believe it is not possible to bring into good condition a scalp that is excessively oily, if pompadour cushions are used, for they heat and excite the glands to an unhealthy degree. Another important factor is gentle usage of the scalp. It should not be irritated. A fine tooth comb must not touch it, and a hard brush must be avoided. In dressing the hair each day the locks should be carefully treated. Only by such attention to details can a cure be effected.

Two Merchants

It was one fellow's hopeful dream
To money make.
He only made, as it would seem,
A sad mistake.
His coat is old; he seldom feeds.
He catered unto woman's needs.

Another and a shrewder man
We must admit,
Evolved or figured out a plan
That made a hit.
Now in his touring car he jaunts.
He catered unto woman's wants.

—Kansas City Journal.

THE POETS' CORNER

TWO LITTLE BUSTED SHOES

By William Devere.

The Orleans club at Jimtown, Colorado, '92,
Was a joint where you could play all games from a split up to a blue.
And the gang that hung around the club, I'll say, 'twixt you and me,
Would hardly cut a figure at a Methodist Pink Tea.

There was Big Ed Burns and Crazy Horse, Jim Sanford, Windy Dick.
Tom Kady, the shell juggler; Joe Palmer, pretty slick;
Joe Simmons, who could deal the bank and never lose a check;
Pete Burns, Jim Bolen and Jeff Smith, all high cards in the deck.

It was in the gray of morning, and the heterogenous gang
Sat worrying the barkeeper with nonsense, guff and slang;
All kidding, chaffing, guying, in a smooth, good-natured way,
About the incidental bosh that happened yesterday.

Sometimes (in easy tilted chair) one of them'd try to snooze,
And then someone would loosen up and order up the booze.
Some break-of-day boy would come in and give the bar boy guff,
And learn without politeness that he'd "have to have the stuff."

Then one of them would tell the tramp to go and soak his head.
And say if he drank water he'd be found some morning dead.
They'd ask him why he didn't send to papa fer a check,
So he could purchase barb wire booze to lubricate his neck.

And after they had kidded him until he couldn't talk.
They'd fill him up with Red Eye, and tell him to "take a walk."
Not by any means bad fellows, but they loved a little lark,
And they'd give up to the needy quicker than a gospel shark.

I happened in one morning to investigate my trunk;
I'd left it in the barroom, for I slept up in a bunk.
For sleeping berths were limited, and I could name a few
Who had stood up in the corner in Jimtown in '92.

Pete Burns remarked: Get on to him; since he stopped getting drunk,
He's saved up all his money for a Saratoga trunk!
And they gathered 'round me, each of them, with laughter, josh and kid,
To investigate my wardrobe when I opened up the lid.

It happened now that Jersey (you see Jersey is my wife,
And no man ever had a better partner in his life);
But Jersey, when she packed the trunk, before she closed the lid,
Had just thrown in a souvenir to 'mind me of the kid.

And as each fellow cranes his neck, the first thing that he views,
Is two tiny little stockings and two little busted shoes,
Right here on top they rested and in fancy seemed to say,
"Now, papa, don't forget us when you're wandering far away."

Not a single word was uttered by the gang that stood around,
And I knew that I the secret to each great rough heart had found;
And I knew that each was thinking in the early morning gray,
Of their wives and little darlings who were praying far away.

Praying for those great rough fellows, who would give their very life
That those wives and little children might be spared all pain and strife;
Might never know adversity or what it was to lose
The father, who would purchase them those little busted shoes.

I knew their thoughts in retrospect flew o'er the Western plain,
To their patient wives and little ones they might not see again,
And I knew the violet splendor of the hills wheron they roam
Was mingling with the unshed tears for little ones at home.

Not a single jest was ventured, not a word was spoken loud.
As a flood of golden sunshine poured its glory o'er the crowd,
Could an old and master painter have touched his palette's varied hues,
He'd have gathered inspiration from those little busted shoes.

I said they were not bad men, and I mean just what I say,
And I hope that I may meet them all upon some future day;
May meet them where no memories may conjure up the blues,
With their little ones around them wearing little busted shoes.

I closed the lid and locked it, hardly knowing what I did,
But each seemed to breathe the freer when those little shoes were hid.
Someone said, Let's irrigate; each to the bar drew near,
And seemingly each hand went up to dash away a tear.

The glasses clinked, adown the bar the bottle passed along.
And big Ed Burns proposed that we should have a toast or song;
But after each had filled his glass with Old McBrayer booze,
We drank to wives and children and those little busted shoes.

A SINNER MADE WHOLE

By Charles H. Gabriel.

There's a song in my heart that my lips cannot sing,
'Tis praise in the highest to Jesus, my King;
Its music each moment is thrilling my soul,
For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

CHORUS.

A sinner made whole!
A sinner made whole!
The Saviour hath bought me and ransomed my soul!
My heart it is singing, the anthem is ringing,
For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne,
Transformed from my image, conformed to His own;
Then I shall find words for the song in my soul,
For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

All the music of heaven, so perfect and sweet,
Will blend with my song, and will make it complete;
Thro' ages unending the echoes will roll,
For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

CHEERFUL SUBMISSION TO DEATH.

(Author Unknown.)

And let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale
And soar to worlds on high.

Shall join the disembodied saints
And find its longsought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

I suffer on my three score years,
Till my Deliverer come
And wipes away his servants tears
And takes His exile home.

O what has Jesus brought for me,
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.

I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

O what are all my suff'rings here.
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear
And worship at thy feet.

Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away,
But let me find the blest again
In that eternal day.

THE GARDEN OF SLEEP

By De Lara.

On the grass of the cliff,
At the edge of the steep,
God planted a garden,
A garden of sleep.
'Neath the blue of the sky,
In the green of the corn,
It is there that the regal red
Poppies are born.
Brief days of desire,
And long dreams of delight,
They are mine when my poppy land
cometh in sight.
Oh, heart of my heart, where the poppies are born,
I am waiting for thee, in the hush of the corn.

In my garden of sleep,
Where red poppies are spread,
I wait for the living
Alone with the dead,
And a tower in ruins
Stands guard o'er the deep
At whose feet are green graves,
Of dear women asleep.
Did they love as I love,
When they lived by the sea?
Did they wait as I wait,
For the days that may be?
Oh life of my life,
On the cliffs by the sea,
By the graves in the grass,
I am waiting for thee.

CHILDHOOD DAYS

Author Unknown.

Childhood's days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow;
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
For my young heart pure and free,
Joyful hail each coming morrow,
In the cottage by the sea.
Joyful hail each coming morrow,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

What though years have rolled before me,
Though mid fairy scenes I roam,
Yet I never shall cease to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home.
When life's long day is closing,
Oh how pleasant would it be,
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage by the sea.
Joyful hail each coming morrow,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rose tree twining,
Round the old and rusty door,
And below the white beach shining,
Where I've gathered shells of yore.
Hears my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee,
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage by the sea.
Joyful hail each coming morrow,
In the cottage, the cottage by the sea.

MY NELLIE'S BLUE EYES

My dear Nelly's eyes are blue,
Hair of bright and golden hue,
Like her heart her eyes are true,
My Nelly, my own.
Never lived a queen so fair,
With my Nelly life I'd share,
By her side I know no care,
My Nelly, my own.
Ne'er was culled from nature's bower
Half so rare or sweet a flower,
Tho' we've culled them hour by hour,
My Nelly, my own.

Chorus:

My Nelly's blue eyes,
My Nelly's blue eyes,
Brighter than stars that shine at night
My Nelly's blue eyes.

When I first saw Nelly's home,
Where the moonbeams softly shone,
From mine heart a lover's moan,
My Nelly, my own.
Fairer seemed this world to me,
Whilst the wind blew o'er the lea,
Words and kisses sweet for me,
My Nelly, my own.

COTTAGE BY THE SEA

Childhood days now pass before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago;
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's dew;
Days that knew no shade of sorrow,
Where my young heart, pure and free,
Gladly hailed each coming morrow,
In the cottage by the sea;
Gladly hailed each coming morrow,
In the cottage—in the cottage by the sea.

Fancy sees the rosebush twining
'Round the dear accustomed door;
And below, the white beach shining,
Where I gathered shells of yore;
Hears my mother's gentle warning,
As she took me on her knee,
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage by the sea;
And I feel again life's morning,
In the cottage—in the cottage by the sea.

What the years have rolled above me,
Tho' 'mid fairer scenes I roam;
I shall ne'er forget to love thee,
Childhood's dear and happy home;
And when life's long day is closing,
O how pleasant would it be,
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage by the sea;
On some faithful breast reposing,
In the cottage—in the cottage by the sea.

POEMS REQUESTED.

The Irish Jubilee is asked for. Also a poem of which these are some lines:
Such an elegant time at the christening
When we christened those beautiful twins.

The song with the following lines is asked for:
But you must remember, good people,
That every poor man ain't a scamp,
For there's many a kind heart beating
Beneath the old clothes of a tramp.

TUMOR OF FOUR YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindley, Ind. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They said that only an operation could help me. I am very glad that I followed a friend's advice and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for it has made me a strong and well woman, and I shall recommend it as long as I live." — Mrs. May Fry, Lindley, Ind.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy — tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and then through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, should give confidence and hope to every sick woman.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

FATNESS CURED
New Discovery

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." — Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

"The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deaf-ness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-ist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deaf-ness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who write him Deafness and Head noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have existed, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, so harmless and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Indeed, many are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and to stay cured at home without losing a cent. Write to-day to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 1224 Bank Bldg., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

SHE'LL RUB ALONG

Mrs. Gould Is Happy Over Her Vindication in Court.

New York, June 26.—Katherine Clemmon Goulds, the ex-actress and former ward of Buffalo Bill, won a decree of separation and an allowance of $3,000 a month from her husband, Howard Gould, one of the ten richest young men in America, by a judgment which Supreme Court Justice Dowling handed down at the conclusion of one of the longest and most spectacular desertion suits in the history of local litigation.

In announcing his decision the justice declared that Howard Gould had failed altogether to prove his principal counter charge—that of gross and habitual drunkenness—but he particularly censured the victorious plaintiff for behaving in such a way with Dustin Farnum, the matinee idol, as to subject her to suspicion after her husband had abandoned her.

Much Less Than She Asked.

Mrs. Gould asked for alimony of $125,000 a year. In granting her an allowance of $36,000—$11,000 more than she is getting for her temporary support, but $89,000 a year less than she craved—Justice Dowling took occasion to say that if Mrs. Gould should return to the stage the matter of her income might properly come up for fresh consideration.

Mrs. Gould, weeping silently, smiled through her tears when the justice stated that she had won her case. Her face lost its smile when she heard what the extent of her alimony would be. It was hard to tell who looked the more chagrined—Mrs. Gould at the announcement of the amount of her future income or Howard Gould at the granting of the separation decree.

However, Mrs. Gould got her nerves in check and when court adjourned a few minutes later she was able to make this short statement:

"I don't feel much like talking. All I can say is that I do not care for anybody's sympathy. I treasure my vindication more than the money."

"Can you live on the allowance?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, I can rub along on $100 a day," she said.

Hard to Gauge Her Needs.

In taking up the question of alimony Justice Dowling said:

"The difficulty with a case of this kind is in determining what a reasonable sum would be. The court can, of course, make no provision by way of substitution for the luxuries which the plaintiff enjoyed while living with the defendant. It cannot provide her with a yacht or provide her with the means for keeping a yacht, but the court can and should insure the plaintiff against suffering from any reasonable need, when she has, so far as the evidence discloses, been without fault and the defendant has himself been guilty of desertion.

"I confess the question is one of embarrassment and I have been unable to find any rule to govern me. I have no power to make him part with any of his fortune nor to make him part with any of the principal of his property. I have power to do no more in this court, as I see my duty, than to award the plaintiff a sum which, in my opinion, will enable her to live in comfort and ease with the dignity befitting her station as the wife of the defendant. I have fixed that at the sum of $3,000 a month, $36,000 a year, which is about $100 a day. It is a fair percentage of the spending power of his income."

SLAYER DIES DEFIANT

Is Killed in Battle With Sheriff's Posse After an All-Night Chase.

St. Michaels, Md., June 25.—Emmet Roberts, the newspaper correspondent and magazine writer and author, who was wanted for the murder of Mrs. Edith May Thompson Woodill, the protoge of Lyman J. Gage, was shot to death by a sheriff's posse while resisting arrest off the wharf at McDaniel, Talbot county, at 4 o'clock this morning.

Tells of Drunken Brawl.

The coroner has in his possession a letter found on Roberts, signed by the name Robert Eastman, and addressed to Miss Vinnie Bradcome, care Klaw and Erlanger, 42nd street, New York, in which the writer asks the girl to come down to Maryland to take charge of his body and property as he intended to commit suicide. Eastman added that he had been out in a boat with four other people, two men and two women. That all had been drunk except himself and one girl, that one of the women struck another over the head with a wine bottle and had killed her.

Shortly after midnight this morning a mysterious craft was seen moving up the waters of Buck river, along the shores of which are the homes of Colonel Thompson and Roberts. It is unusual to see a small boat out in the river at such an early hour, and John McQuay, who has a farm on a point making out into the creek near Bozman, notified Sheriff Mortimer and Magistrate Willy, who were at St. Michaels. McQuay said the boat looked like the one in which R berts escaped from McDaniels, and that the man in it looked like the missing author.

Is Rowing Up River.

Sheriff Mortimer, Magistrate Willy and a posse of six men hurried to the scene, reaching the river shore at 1 a. m. All were armed. They crept down to the water's edge under the cover of darkness, and made out the outlines of a man in his shirtsleeves languidly rowing a boat up the river. They made no demonstration, fearing they would frighten off the man wanted. They resolved to wait until the rower got into narrower waters and within range.

Roberts seemed annoyed by the following of him and hastened up the river at a faster pace, the sheriff's boat following. Magistrate Willy and others followed along the shore line. The cornering maneuver began shortly after 1 a. m.

For one, two, and then three hours the two boats and the party proceeded up the river, the shores narrowing all the while. Roberts was nearing the scene of his alleged crime. As the shores came together members of the posse made out the features of Roberts. He was nearing the wharf at McDaniel, from which point he is supposed to have fled.

When Roberts got abreast of the landing place and was but 100 feet from shore Magistrate Willy and his two deputies stepped out into the open.

"Hello, Roberts, throw up your hands!" shouted the magistrate.

Fires and Is Killed.

Roberts did not utter a word, but rose in his boat with a big revolver in his right hand. He quickly leveled it at the party on shore, and fired.

Meyer Crone, a special deputy, fired a shot from a revolver at the white shirted figure standing in the boat. Then Magistrate Willy discharged a shotgun at Roberts. Deputy Crone fired a second shot. During the fusillade Roberts dropped in a heap in the boat, his revolver falling at his side.

The deputies waded out to the small craft. Roberts had been shot through the mouth, and was dead. The boat was drawn to the shore and the body examined. Roberts had a bottle of poison in his possession and a number of letters. The body was taken to St. Michaels.

Mrs. Edith Woodhill was 20 years old and beautiful. She was beaten to death in Roberts' bungalow, and her nude body thrown into the creek. Her home was in Los Angeles, and she had been divorced before marrying Woodhill. The details of her relations with Roberts are not known. He was about 50 years old and lame.

AGONIZING ITCHING

Eczema for a Year—Got No Relief Even at Skin Hospital—In Despair.

UNTIL CUTICURA CURED HIM

"I was troubled by a sever itching and dry, scurfy skin on my ankles, feet, arms and scalp. Scratching made it worse. Thousands of small red pimples formed and these caused intense itching. I was advised to go to the hospital for diseases of the skin. I did so, the chief surgeon saying: 'I never saw such a bad case of eczema.' But I got little or no relief. Then I tried many so-called remedies, but I became so bad that I almost gave up in despair. After suffering agonies for twelve months, I was relieved of the almost unbearable itching after two or three applications of Cuticura Ointment. I continued its use, combined with Cuticura Soap and Pills, and I was completely cured. Henry Searle, Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8 and 10, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

MURDERER CONFESSES

Prisoner Calmly Tells of Six Whom He Has Slain.

VICTIMS OF MURDERER.

Joe Warden, an American settler, killed in Old Mexico.
Roy Ibes, a butcher, killed in St. Joseph, Missouri.
"Red" McMintery, a tramp, killed in St. Joseph.
Missouri Pacific fireman, killed in St. Joseph.
Charles Vance, eight years old, killed in St. Joseph.
A baby, a few months old, killed at Leavenworth, Kansas.

Jefferson City, Mo., June 24.—Six murders are confessed by William Murphy, a St. Joseph convict, serving a 25-year term in the penitentiary.

That four of the murders were committed in St. Joseph attested by the chief of police of that city. Nothing is known of the murder of a baby at Leavenworth, Kansas, or of Joe Warden, in Old Mexico.

Saturday night the prison officials intercepted a letter Murphy had addressed to his wife in St. Joseph, in which admissions were made concerning five of the murders, but no mention was made of the murder of Charles Vance, about eight years old, whom Murphy now says was his nephew. Little attention was paid to the letter at the time, as ruses of this kind by long term convicts are common enough.

Wants to Be Hanged.

Prison officials concluded they would have a talk with Murphy and they did so. At first he denied all knowledge of the letter, but later admitted that he had written it and that his object in doing so was in the hope that he would be taken out of prison and hanged. He said he was tired of his long life of crime and as he could not possibly live out his sentence, he wanted to die as soon as possible.

Warden Andrae, upon his return today from attending the funeral of Gov. Hadley's father, telegraphed the chief of police at St. Joseph, making inquiry as to the murders Murphy claimed to have committed there.

Last evening he received a reply that the murders had actually been committed and up to the present had remained mysteries. The chief said he would gather all information possible concerning them and come here and aid in the investigation.

Late last evening Murphy was questioned again by Warden Andrae and he added a new murder to the list, that of Charles Vance, his nephew, eight years old, whom he said he pushed off a bridge in St. Joseph in 1906.

Prisoner Talks Rationally.

Murphy says he is 51 years old. He was sentenced for criminal assault. Old prison officials have suspected that this was not his first term in the Missouri penitentiary. He talks rationally, but in very short sentences, and acts is if he was continually holding back something. He was received here in December, 1908. His demeanor has been good.

The prison officers could not get Murphy to go into details concerning any of the murders he admits having committed. When pressed he would say:

"Oh, well, I committed the murder and it will be easy enough for the police to establish the facts and furnish the details. When a man admits he committed a murder is not that enough to hang him? I want to be hanged."

BATTLE AMID CLOUDS

Chicago Students in Fight With Caretaker on Pike's Peak.

Colorado Springs, June 28.—After a desperate hand to hand conflict early in the morning on the summit of Pike's peak, 14,000 feet high, John A. Clark and George Shipley, students of the University of Chicago, are in jail and Howard H. Robinson, government caretaker of the summit house, is hovering between life and death in the St. Francis hospital in this city.

The affair was the result of a quarrel over the charge demanded by Robinson for acommodation in the Summit house, which is maintained as a resting place for those who make the peak trip. The fight took place in total darkness in the middle of the night, when the three men were the only ones on the mountain top.

Fought in Self-Defense.

The two young men say Robinson attacked them because they awakened him, and they fought in self-defense. Robinson is still unconscious, and his version of the encounter is not known. The police will not place any charge against the men until more is learned.

Shipley and Clark arrived in this city from the east two days ago. They were well dressed, seemed to have plenty of money and made a number of friends. Saturday night they decided to walk up to the Summit and Pike's peak, a favorite trip of tourists in the Rocky Mountain region.

They reached the summit at 1 o'clock weakened to the point of exhaustion by the icy winds and the blinding snowstorm. They rapped on the door of the Summit house, where Robinson was asleep. He admitted them and they had something to eat. Presently a quarrel arose over the price of rooms for the remainder of the night.

He Uses His Billy.

According to the story of one of the men, Robinson ordered them out, with no place to spend the night until the little train on the Cog road could take them back to Manitou. They refused to leave and Robinson, who is said to have a hasty temper, went behind the lunch counter and drew a billy. Then the three men, three miles above civilization, had a fierce struggle. After several minutes of desperate fighting Robinson fell unconscious.

Realizing the seriousness of the affair, the two boys, after they had bathed their wounds, telephoned to the station of the Cog road in Manitou for assistance. Word was sent to Manager Sells, of the road, who made a flying trip in an automobile to the foot of the peak.

A special train was at once made up, bearing Sheriff George Birdsell, of El Paso county, Dr. L. H. Beck, of Manitou, and Mr. Sells. The train made the fastest time in its history, arriving at the mountain top in an hour. The wounds of the three men were bound and the return trip made. Robinson was taken to the hospital and Shipley and Clark to jail.

Sister Woman!

READ MY FREE OFFER

My Mission is to make sick women well, and I want to send you, your daughter, your sister, your mother, or any ailing friend a full fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures woman's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it—just how to cure yourself right at home without the aid of a doctor—and the best of it is that it will not in the least interfere with your work or occupation. Balm of Figs is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong, and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it, for I have never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure woman's ailments. No internal dosing necessary—it is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore, I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhea, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors or Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

This fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free, to prove to you its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further, it will cost you only a few cents a week. I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs and I am willing to prove my faith by sending out three fifty-cent boxes free. So, my reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me at once—today—and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire, undoubtedly I can refer you to some one near you who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of Balm of Figs. But after all, the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs will convince you of its merit. Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs this test? Write to me today, and remember I will gladly send you a fifty-cent box of Balm of Figs for the asking. Address

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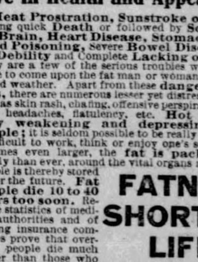
Fat People's Summer Dangers.

Reduce One Pound Daily. Improve in Health and Appearance.



Heat Prostration, Sunstroke or Apoplexy causing quick **Death** or followed by **Softening of the Brain, Heart Disease, Stomach Cramps, Food Poisoning, Severe Bowel Disorders, General Debility** and Complete **Lacking of Vital Energy** are a few of the serious troubles which are most liable to come upon the fat man or woman during warm, humid weather. Apart from these **dangerous disorders**, there are numerous lesser yet distressing ailments such as skin rash, chafing, offensive perspiration, nervousness, headaches, flatulency, etc. **Hot weather is very weakening and depressing for fat people**; it is seldom possible to be really contented. It is difficult to work, think or enjoy one's self. The body becomes even larger, the **fat is packed-in** more tightly than ever, around the vital organs and dangerous trouble is thereby stored up for the future. **Fat people die 10 to 40 years too soon.** Reliable statistics of medical authorities and of leading insurance companies prove that overabout people die much earlier than those who are thin or of normal weight. **Obesity** (corpulency) is an acknowledged **disease. It ruins health, figure, complexion, temper** and peace of mind. **It never cures itself** but becomes worse as the person grows older. The time to check its progress and **get rid of superfluous fat** is now. **Mine is the reliable, safe and quick home treatment.** I have thousands of testimonials; here are a few:

FATNESS SHORTENS LIFE!

MRS. FRANCES Y. RAUB, HOOKSPRING, 310., writes: "I feel fine, have lost 50 lbs.; my rheumatism is also cured."
M. E. KING, 5634 SPAULDING AVE., CHICAGO, writes: "Seven years ago I took your treatment and lost 40 lbs. Since which time I have not gained any." A permanent reduction cure. Many other testimonials accompany my Proof Treatment.
MISS G. MEYER, DYERSVILLE, IOWA, writes: "My waist measure has been reduced 6 inches; all superfluous fat is gone."
S. J. MICKLEY, 225 FIFTH ST., PORTLAND, ORE., writes: "I was your patient several years ago and am still at the normal weight to which I was reduced." **SUMMER IS THE BEST SEASON FOR FAT REDUCTION.**

FREE Treatment

I know the merits of my method so well that I will send a proof treatment free. **No starvation**; you can eat any kind of food or drink any kind of beverage you like. **No tiresome exercising.** Absolutely **no dangerous drugs.** Mine is a **modern, scientific, successful, guaranteed system.** In many cases weight reduction is **one pound daily.** Correspondence and treatment sent confidential, nobody need know what is reducing your size and improving your appearance unless you choose to tell. **Ladies** will find mine an unequaled beautifying method; **double-chin and wrinkles disappear.** Weight reduction is permanent. Remember, you pay nothing for proof treatment; it is free to fat people, (men or women) for the asking. **Send anywhere.** Write to-day and you will receive by return mail my **FREE TREATMENT,** also my **GUARANTEE** and my very interesting **BOOK ON OBESITY,** showing how to quickly and safely **reduce your weight** to normal without losing a moment's time from your regular occupation. *I am a regular registered physician of New York State.* **Address:**

H. C. BRADFORD, M. D., 20 East 22d St., N 90, New York, N. Y.

BOYS, We Will Give You FREE

1000-Shot Daisy Air Rifle Ball-bearing Roller Skates, a Watch or a Handsome Fountain Pen.

You Get Your Choice of these and a number of other premiums by distributing only 25 pieces of advertising matter among your friends. Send no money. Write today for this wonderful offer. **OXFORD SEWING MACHINE CO., Dept. 2, 46 Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

SOUP A JAG CURE

ington, N. J., June 26.—The soup" remedy introduced by William W. Worrell as one of nomy and reform plans is not ving Burlington county several d dollars monthly, but it is more real converts for tem- than any number of "gold Criminologists pronounce it a success even than his "wash rk" edict.

s were the scourge of small in the county when Worrell to office. Past conditions at had made it a handy winter and hither they hied at the rosts, getting committed for small crime. When Worrell he tramp prisoners bathe, wash lis and do all the work about there was a bolt to other coun- d a big saving on the tramp bill.

the tramps deserted the prison s given to the habitual drunk- ho were sent up so often that ers regarded them as steadies. addition the sheriff prescribed menu of bean soup for all such s. One experience under the soup" programme, police offi- y, is keeping more men sober he "flag commission," which the legislature authorized to pub- acklist drunkards.

s of some of the prisoner under changing diet are reaching the orld. Police Capt. Shumard re- this one yesterday, written ll. It says in part:

r Cap: I am writing to see if t get some of my time taken don't like the bean soup they out over here now. They don't e white beans any more. They t out of yellow beans. But it's up just the same, and nothing an soup, every day. D—n the

a sobered man now and I can ber five months, for if you get I won't come back to beans on. Cap, if you ever did any- for me in your life, do it now."

A NEW COUNTERFEIT

Service Men Warn Against $10 Note.

hington, June 23.—A new coun- $10 national bank note on the nia National bank of San Fran- has been discovered, according f Wilkie of the secret service. note is a straight photographic rfeit, in which the divisional the charter number and the y number have been put on rubber stamp. It is on two of paper, with no attemut to the distributed red and blue reads and is of such character should be immediately detected sentation.

TIRED" FROM HIS HOTEL

ean Lawyer's Attacks on England Resented.

on, June 23.—The Daily Express, cing today that Myron H. the New York lawyer who is ed as a leader of the Indian agitation against British rule in had been ordered to quit the rf hotel, London, publishes an al article expressing the hope Lord Morley, secretary of state dia, will take steps to prevent helps' projected tour of India. Express yesterday published a rticle denouncing Mr. Phelps as cher in India. Mr. Phelps replied column letter, printed in the s today, repudiating his anti- intentions and explaining his In a postscript he says: "My of the above was interrupted ent demands that I vacate my in this hotel. I am reminded English traditions of hospitality ir play and I marvel that even ewspaper trial I am to be con- without a hearing."

INZE'S COUNSEL GUILTY

cted of Impeding Administration of Justice.

York, June 24.—Sanford Robpersonal counsel to F. Augusinze, was convicted in the States circuit court today of ng the administration of jusadvising a grand jury witness de the service of a subpoena.

ERY READER
OF BLADE, TOLEDO,
ld Write to This Woman
They Want to Save a Man From Drink

generously offers to tell every one of ders of the simple, inexpensive remth which she cured her husband, her and several of her neighbors who ard drinkers. She makes no charge valuable information, only requirt you be truly interested in saving one from drunkenness. This may ou hundreds of dollars as well as a life, so we earnestly advise you to er at once. Here is her address: Margaret Anderson, 702 Home Ave., n. New York.

WOMAN A SAVAGE

Chicago U. Savant Asserts She Cannot and Should Not Be Civilized.

Chicago, June 24.—"Woman, the eternal savage, whose only salvation lies in the fact that she always has been and always will be a savage," has been flayed again by the lash of a professor of the University of Chicago.

In an article entitled, "The Women Men Marry," Prof. Frederick Starr says: Women are not civilized. Furthermore, they should not be civilized. What is more, they can't be, he continues, for the fundamental nature of woman is barbaric, and it is better so, since the prosperity, even the continuance of the race depend upon the rigid assertion of the fundamental difference between man and woman.

No Great Achievement.

"Can anyone anywhere actually point to a single first-class achievement in literature, in science, in art, by woman?" is the challenge issued by Prof. Starr, that is likely to bring upon him a storm of answers from the champions of woman and admirers of the work accomplished by woman.

"Woman's religion is also notably that of lower culture," he asserts. "She is always seeking signs in everything; she avoids having 13 at the table and starting on a journey on Friday."

In woman's love for bright colors, her fondness for decorating herself with birds and the furs of animals, in her world-old fondness for beads, and her inclination to perfume herself, Prof. Starr finds indications that the woman of today has not advanced far above her sister of the jungles. But these are only the superficial evidences of her savagery. The heart of her non-advancement lies deeper. In the very fundamentals of her character, in her very instincts, he says, woman has come down through the ages unchanged.

"Savage ingenuity in gaining ends through deception, ruse and treachery has become proverbial," is the professor's assertion. "Civilized woman retains these practices of savagery. When it would seem fully as easy for her to gain her end by straightforward and direct methods, she delights to resort to sinuous means and duplicity."

"Woman lives in an old, old world," is another observation. "She thinks the old thoughts, feels the old emotions, is moved by the old impulses, she dresses in the old gewgaws; she is thrilled by the world's old hopes and fears."

HONOR MEMORY OF DARWIN

Delegates Present Addresses at Cambridge University.

Cambridge, England, June 23.—The delegates to the centenary of teh birth of Charles Robert Darwin, the observance of which began last night, today presented their addresses to the chancellor of the university, Lord Rayleigh. Subsequently a number of degrees were conferred. Among the recipients were Oliver W. Holmes, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States; Earl Grey, governor general of Canada, and George Ellery Hale, of California, who were given the degree of doctor of science.

SIX ARMED MEN STEAL WATER

Colorado Springs' Water Supply Is Diverted to Victor.

Colorado Springs, Colo., June 24.—Six armed men, believed to be from Victor, Colorado, held up Caretaker Arthur, of the Colorado Springs water system, opened the flood-gates on Pike's Peak, and turned 174,000,000 gallons of water into the Victor reservoir.

Arthur was held a prisoner for some time while the water was being run off, but finally managed to telephone to this city for help. A sheriff's posse of ten men left for the scene of the hold-up.

The water supplies for Colorado Springs and the Cripple Creek district are located on the slopes of Pike's Peak, and disputes over them are frequent causes of friction between the two cities.

RUSSIA TO FIGHT CHOLERA

St. Petersburg Drainage System Will Be Reorganized.

St. Petersburg, June 24.—Because of the prevalence of cholera in this city, the cabinet has decided that the government will undertake the drainage of St. Petersburg and the reorganization of the water supply. A special commission will be entrusted with the carrying out of this work, the president of which will be nominated by the emperor. Fifty million dollars will have to be raised by a loan for the work which, it is estimated, will be completed in fifteen years.

BACK FROM PACKING HOUSES

Government Agents Will Submit Reports Soon.

Washington, June 24.—Dr. Alonzo D. Melvin, chief of the bureau of animal industry, and George P. McCabe, solicitor for the department of agriculture, returned here today from St. Louis, where they conducted an investigation into conditions in the packing houses in East St. Louis, Ill., as the result of charges made by Inspector Harms.

Following an informal conference with Secretary Wilson regarding their observations, Dr. Melvin and Mr. McCabe began the preparation of their report, which will be submitted to the secretary in a day or two.

CAREER OF SLAIN WOMAN IS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY

Baltimore, June 25.—The death of Roberts at St. Michaels marks the culmination of the most sensational tragedy ever occurring in Maryland, with ramifications that have become countrywide in their extent.

Some facts in the meteoric career of Mrs. Woodill, in whose brief life, love and romance played such a great part, were related today by an intimate friend of the slain woman who said they were told by Mrs. Woodill herself.

She (Mrs. Woodill) said she was born in Minneapolis about twenty years ago. Her mother, who called herself Mrs. Amos, died when she was about three years of age, leaving her in utter ignorance of her parentage or forbears.

Mrs. Charles H. Thompson, of McDaniel, Md., then took her and brought her up, telling her that she (Mrs. Thompson) was her mother's intimate friend, but never disclosing to her the name of her father.

When she was about 12 years of age they went to Washington, where they lived for some time in the house of Lyman J. Gage, who took a great interest in her. When she was about 15 he sent her, with Mrs. Thompson, to Paris, where she studied music, Mr. Gage paying all expenses. On her return from Paris she went to Boston to complete her studies and while in Boston she was married to a Mr. Caswell, who was an osteopath.

When she was about 17 she came to Baltimore to continue her studies at the Peabody conservatory, leaving her husband. She was known here as Miss Edih Thompson, concealing her marriage from all but a few intimate friends. In a very short time thereafter she entered suit against Dr. Caswell for a divorce.

She left Baltimore last Easter a year ago, being engaged at the time to Harry Adams, of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. After a brief stay in New York she went to California where, in less than thirty days after her divorce from Dr. Caswell, she married Gilbert Woodill, of Los Angeles. It has also been rumored that in her early youth Charles Thompson, the son of her foster-mother and father, being a rejected suitor, committed suicide on her account.

During her residence in Baltimore Mr. Gage sent her checks continually, some of them amounting to $1,500, and when she was married to Mr. Woodill he gave her $5,000. At the time of her death Mr. Gage was also building her a house in Los Angeles, with the understanding that he was to come to live with her and her husband.

All of these facts, it is asserted, were stated by Mrs. Woodill to friends in Baltimore, prior to her death.

Mrs. Woodill had a peculiar charm for men, and nearly everything of the masculine gender that came in contact with her was attracted. She possessed magnetism in addition to beauty. She had a beautiful figure, expressive face, golden brown hair, brown eyes and features that are usually called piquant. She was unusually well read and musical an dartistic in temperament.

There always was more or less mystery surrounding her. No one ever seemed to know exactly who she was. She referred to Captain and Mrs. Thompson, of McDaniel, as her father and mother, but was supposed to be an adopted child.

She constantly talked of and referred to ex-Secrtary Gage and seemed fonder of him than anybody else in the world. She always spoke of him as "Papa Gage." She and her husband had just paid him a visit at his home in California before coming east. Mrs. Gage seems to take the greatest interest in her material and mental welfare, and besides visiting her while she was studying music in Baltimore, frequently met her in New York. Through the influence of Mr. Gage, it is said, Mrs. Woodill sang at the White House for President McKinley and some guests. The president was delighted with her and her voice and was frank to tell her so.

Mrs. Woodill was very fond of pretty clothes and when last seen here was beautifully dressed, although she said that in coming here she came away in such a hurry that she left her wardrobe in California. She was the soul of generosity and was always thinking how she could contribute to the pleasure and entertainment of her friends. In her letters from California to Baltimore friends she expressed herself as happy and devoted to her husband, of whom she seemed very proud. Those who met him in Baltimore say that he seemed equally devoted to her.

LURED TO LONELY HUT

When Woman Refused to Elope "Bob" Eastman Killed Her.

Easton, Md., June 28—A scrap of a letter found near the bungalow of "Lame Bob" Eastman, the absconding New York broker, establishes almost beyond question the motive for the murder of Edith May Woodill, the beautiful and fascinating protege of Lyman J. Gage.

The letter, torn, charred and blurred, was mailed, undated, from Baltimore, and so far as could be made out reads as follows: "You were seen in Baltimore Tuesday. I think the police know."

The motive for the deed now generally admitted to have been committed by the desperate broker, which has long baffled the authorities, is at last plain. Eastman knew he must soon flee from his woodland hiding place, for he was wanted in New York on the charge of embezzlement and for jumping his bail. He was insanely in love with Mrs. Woodill, who had come into his troubled life at a time when he most needed a woman's sympathy. Eastman wanted Mrs. Woodill to flee with him. He enticed her to his bungalow, deep in the woods on the shores of Broad creek and there made known his plan. That the woman was slain following her refusal to leave her husband there is now little doubt.

Strange Power Over Woman.

Through Colonel Thompson it is known that the man had some mysterious power over the woman and that he frequently exercised it. On the porch of the Marshall boarding house he forced this woman, with a single word, to accompany him after she had determined to return home. When the launch stranded off Emerson's Point later that evening he compelled her to keep her seat for hours when she could easily have slipped ashore. At other times it was the same story of his superior mental force impelling her to obey his suggestions.

But it is believed that in the crucial test he failed. Undoubtedly she awoke with great suddenness to the peril of her position and fought first with her mind and later with all her physical strength. With the neighbors away and none to hear her outcries she could have fought long and desperately without attracting attention.

Had Planned Suicide.

There is some reason to believe that the broker planned suicide for himself immediately after the death of Mrs. Woodill or self-destruction for both in event she refused to flee with him, but evidently he lost his nerve for a time and decided to attempt escape.

The theory that Mrs. Woodill was lured to "Lame Bob" Eastman's lonely bungalow without knowledge of where she was going and that she was drugged and detained there against her will, was advanced today, when a further search of the shack which the superstitious folk of the neighborhood forevermore will shun as haunted, revealed a small bottle which a hasty examination shows contained a mixture of narcotic drugs. There was strong traces of morphine in the nearly empty phial.

KING EDWARD ANGRY

Doesn't Like Attacks on the Czar's Visit.

London, June 28.—King Edward is angry at the widespread radical attacks made upon him for receiving the czar when he comes to England in August for a royal visit. The National Labor party planned a huge mass meeting to protest against the czar's visit. The party's manifesto denounces the bloody reactionary policy of Czar Nicholas in violent language.

Scotland Yard has already begun to make preparations for the czar's protection, and Cowes will swarm with secret service agents in the pay of the Russian government, all sworn to protect their master's life. Scotland Yard officials are betraying their fear on account of the unusual agitation against the autocrat's visit.

An attempt on the life of Emperor Nicholas is feared. Fanatics are writing letters and scattering literature declaiming against the emperor's visits and veiled threats have been made. Every precaution possible will be made by the police while government agents acting independently of the regular authorities, will swarm about the equipage of the Russian autocrat, forming a huge bodyguard when he appears in public.

The czar will not come to London and it is possible that he will not leave his imperial yacht at Cowes at all.

The extraordinary precautions taken to guard the emperor will extend to water as well as land, and they will last from the moment he arrives in English waters until he departs. The king is very much annoyed by the action of the Socialist members of the Chorlton board of guardians, who objected to appropriations for decorations for the streets upon the occasion of the king's visit. The Socialists declared that in view of the intense misery and distress among the kingdom's subjects in Chorlton it would be unseemly to spend money for gewgaws.

BRYAN'S SON MARRIES

Ceremony Is Under Lofty Pines by Lake.

Grand Lake, Col., June 24.—William Jennings Bryan, Jr., and Miss Helen Virginia Berger, of Milwaukee, were married at 8:30 this morning at Kinnikinic Lodge, the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Levering, on the shore of Grand Lake. Only the immediate families of the couple were present.

The ceremony was performed outdoors, under the great pine trees along the shore of the lake, Rev. H. S. Huntington, of Crete, Neb., officiating. Miss Edna Baker, of Lincoln, Neb., was maid of honor, and Samuel Berger, brother of the bride, was best man. The bridal party was gowned in white. The bride carried lilies of the valley and wore a tiara of the same flowers, and the maid of honor carried lavender sweet peas. The little flower girl, Mary Berger, of Milwaukee, cousin of the bride, carried pink sweet peas in her flower basket.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Jr., will spend their honeymoon at Grand Lake and will leave about September 1 for Tucson, Ariz., where they expect to live for two years.

SOUNDS NEW ALARM

England Lacks Repair Stations Says Beresford.

London, June 26.—Admiral Lord Beresford was the principal speaker at the closing meeting this morning of the Imperial Press conference, and gave his views on the question of the empire and the navy.

"It is impossible," he declared, "to maintain a two-power standard unless the dominions come in and assist." The speaker's general plan for an empire navy, as outlined in his speech, contemplates distinct fleets for each of the five nations of the empire, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa.

"These fleets should be mobile, able to protect trade routes and capable of being turned quickly into offensive weapons. There should be standardization, interchange of officers as well as interchange of ships, and repairing stations should be established throughout the empire.

"By some extraordinary and infatuation, for which I am quite unable to account, the repairing stations upon which we have spent so much money, have been dismantled."

Continuing, the admiral suggested that the dominions could assist greatly in this general plan by rebuilding and re-equipping these abandoned naval bases. In the event of war all the fleets of the empire would have to act under a central strategical bureau which would have to be established by the admiralty.

RAID ON BUCKET SHOP

Deputies Overpower Watchmen and Arrest Brokers.

Cincinnati, June 28.—County Prosecutor Hunt's spectacular campaign against bucketshops was continued today when he and ten deputies overpowered two armed watchmen and raided the offices of the Consolidated Stock and Grain company.

C. A. Acton and C. B. Fox were arrested, all the books of the concern were taken and the wires cut. The men were held to the grand jury. Ten days ago this same company was raided by Hunt and his deputies, Louis W. Foster and W. H. Clausman, were arrested. They were indicted later by a grand jury on charges of operating a bucket shop.

During today's raid twenty customers of the concern were held behind locked doors for several hours in order that their correct names might be secured. They were wanted as witnesses.

BIG BANKS CONSOLIDATE

Union Will Make Second Largest in Chicago.

Chicago, June 24.—Agreements have been reached by the managing officers of the Continental National Bank and the American Trust and Savings Bank under which the assets and the business of those institutions are to be consolidated. The combination will make the second largest bank in Chicago—one with a combined capital and surplus of about $16,500,000 and deposits of about $115,000,000.

Each of the banks will retain its own name and corporate existence and their relationship to each other will be the same as that existing between the First National and the First Trust and Savings Bank.

IS MURDERED IN SPAIN

American Bridegroom Went to Claim an Estate.

Pittsburg, June 23.—Mrs. Minnie Firthsule, 18 years old, of Newcastle, Pa., received a cablegram today from Seville, Spain, informing her that her husband had been shot and killed by an assailant. No details were given.

The Firthsules were married last month. He formerly lived in this city, and left for Spain May 28 to claim an estate which is said to have been a recent bequest.

NATION TO SAVE GIRLS

Protection for Stage-Struck Girls in England.

London, June 26.—A bill containing far-reaching provisions is being brought forward by Sir Ivor Herbert, Mr. Yoxall and others for the purpose of suppressing what is known as the white slave traffic.

It is believed that one of the channels through which many unwary girls are brought to ruin is the unrestricted enterprise of sundry employment agents, who atrract girls with a genuine desire to go to the stage or the music hall. These girls are often induced to sign contracts for continental tours, which not infrequently end in failure. The girls are then thrown out of employment in a foreign country, of whose language and ways they know nothing and become the victims of rogues.

The bill proposes that all agents who, for reward, obtain employment for any girl under 21 years of age—otherwise than as a domestic servant—shall yearly take out excise licenses for carrying on their business. Penalties will be imposed on agents proved to be acting without such certificates.

Applicants for licenses must satisfy the constituted authority as to their character. They will be compelled to keep books in harmony with statutory directions and the local authority will have power to appoint visitors of either sex to be agency visitors "in order to satisfy themselves as to the proper conduct of the business and examine the books."

VOLIVA OUSTED FROM ZION

Dowie's Successor No Longer Controls Government.

Chicago, June 25.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva, successor of John Alexander Dowie as head of the Christian church of Zion, was deposed as political dictator of Zion City when the independent officers elected several weeks ago were sworn in by the retiring city council.

The Voliva officials admitted their defeat only after they had attempted to adjourn without swearing in the officers-elect. This would have left the city absolutely without a governing body, but the attempt was frustrated by a rush into the council chamber by 300 members of the independent faction.

E. N. Richey is the new mayor of Zion City.

AMERICAN BUYS HOPE GEM

Diamond From Golden Fleece Collar Brings $80,000.

Paris, June 25.—The "Hope diamond," which Lord Hope gave to May Yohe, the actress, and which weighs 44¼ carats, was sold at auction yesterday for $80,000. Although the nominal purchaser is a dealer, it is understood in Paris that he was executing the order of a rich American.

The "Hope diamond" is supposed to be half of a great gem that scintilated in the collar of the Order of the Golden Fleeve which Louis XV. wore. When a New York merchant recently failed after purchasing this diamond, following the troubles of May Yohe and Captain Putnam Brad

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POWER IS SHATTERED

German Chancellor Is Near End of His Rule.

Berlin, June 25.—The reichstag has further added to the government's difficulties in its proposed financial reforms, by rejecting, by a vote of 194 to 186, the imperial ministry's bill to extend inheritance taxes to direct heirs, including widows and children. The president of the reichstag announced that the bill, in its present form, would be dropped.

Public sentiment concerning the situation showed itself by the filling of the public and diplomatic galleries to overflowing. The ministerial and federal council benches were crowded. Councillor Von Buelow and his colleagues followed the ebb and flow of the debate with the tensest interest. The chancellor, however, did not speak. He left the chamber when he learned that the voting was likely to be unfavorable to his bill.

381 in the House.

The members of the house gathered in record strength 381 being present out of a total of 397. One of the members present declined to vote; nine members were absent on account of illness, and four from other causes; three seats were vacant, owing to deaths. The National Liberal, Herr Quarck, although seriously ill, insisted upon being carried to the house to participate in the vote.

The speeches were exceedingly bitter, especially those of the Conservatives and National Liberals, who hitherto had formed a coalition supporting the chancellor. There were much cheering and sometimes ironical laughter, as the orators expressed the views of the party leaders from the platform.

Strength Against Government.

The Conservatives, Centrists, Poles, Alsatians and Independents united to form a majority against the government, The Imperial Conservatives, National Liberals, Radicals and Socialists voted in favor of the measure.

It is rumored that the reichstag shortly will adjourn until autumn to permit the government to revise its financial scheme, but as the chancellor and the other ministers have always expressed a resolve to include some further tax on property, it is not possible to foresee how they will be able to clear the situation. Other reports say that parliament will be dissolved or that Prince Von Buelow will resign, but nothing definite is permitted to leak out.

VOTES $1.50 LUMBER DUTY

Senate Upholds Amendment of Finance Committee.

Washington, June 23.—The senate today voted down an amendment for dollar lumber by the decisive vote of 24 to 44.

Without loss of time the vote was then taken on the main proposition, the finance committee's amendment placing a duty of $1.50 on sawed lumber with differentials on finished lumber. The committee won by the large majority of 50 to 28.

CRY OF "FOUL" MAY BE FATAL

Elizabeth, N J., June 28—Wild with frenzy as Danny McGeehan, captain of the visiting team, in a game between Elizabeth and Allentown, of the Atlantic league, yesterday afternoon, hit a long drive over left field fence, Martin McPherson went into convulsions when the umpire called it a foul. He was taken to the hospital raving and the physicians there fear he may die of a broken blood vessel.

Two thousand people were at high tensions when McGeehan came to bat in the ninth with the score 2 to 2. When he hit the ball McPherson, the only visiting rooter on the grounds, shouted himself hoarse, thinking it was a homer. When the umpire called "foul," McPherson turned purple, gave a yell like a maniac and rolled from the top row of the bleachers to the ground.

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ALDRICH TO KILL BILL

Will Vote for Corporation Tax Just to Sidetrack Other Plan.

Washington, June 29.—In the course of an answer to questions in the senate today Senator Aldrich said he would support the corporation tax amendment as a means of defeating the income tax. He expressed the opinion that the corporation tax would be repealed after two years or the rate materially lowered.

This was the first day of debate on the income tax proposition and, in spite of the intense heat, floor and galleries were well filled.

Many Ready to Talk.

Messrs. Aldrich, Bailey, Borah, Brown, Beveridge and Owen were on their feet at the first opportunity. Being the first to get recognition from the chair, Senator Brown endeavored to obtain unanimous consent to take up the resolution reported by the finance committee for the submission of an income tax amendment to the constitution to the several states.

Demurring to this suggestion, Senator Bailey pointed out that such a course would be in contravention of a unanimous consent previously recorded for the consideration of his income tax amendement.

Remarking that he thought it would be well to at once get out of the way the question of the constitutionality of the income tax, Senator Brown did not press his request and no action was taken to interfere with the course previously agreed upon for disposing of the Bailey amendment.

Amendments Are Set Aside.

To more clearly map out the campaign entered upon, Senator Aldrich said that the finance committee had determined that the offering of amendments to the schedules of the bill while in the committee of the whole should not continue further at this time, as they could be brought forth by senators after the bill reached the senate in a parliamentary sense.

To give force to that purpose he said he would move to lay on the table any other amendments that might be offered at this time.

COUNTED IN MILLIONS

Are the Human Beings Attending Sunday School.

"How many officers and teachers of Sunday schools, for instance, do you suppose there are in the United States? Only 1,459,535. But it's when it comes to the matter of pupils that the figures talk in a tone of voice to be heard across the continent, 12,272,657. There's a figure to hold a statistician spellbound—and remember, it doesn't signify dollars; it stands for human beings brought together by a purpose to teach and to study the Bible, to give serious thought to the principles of morality and of the Christian faith."

Those astounding figures concerning the Sunday schools of the United States are given by the Woman's World to emphasize a plea in the July number that is remarkable for a secular magazine nowadays, a reminder that, "after all, dollars are not the whole measure of man's attainment." Where was the advertising manager that this magazine should say:

"Whenever we see a captain of industry growing chesty and oozing figures on the number of square miles of floor space he occupies, or a railroad magnate modestly displaying the mammoth totals of his tonnage, or even a publisher rolling under his tongue the sweet morsel of an immense circulation, a feeling comes over us that we'd like to hear a few bulky and resounding figures on what's doing in the intellectual, the moral and the spiritual field of human effort and welfare."

"When a publisher begins to talk circulation there's nothing in all literature which can stand alongside the International Sunday school series of lessons. The lessons from the Scriptures have the biggest 'syndicate feature' of which an editor ever boasted backed clear off the map. Thousands of newspapers print them simultaneously and even the swift pencil of the circulation manager limps and stumbles at the task of making a computation. About as well to try to compute the number of blue-eyed babies in the world as to estimate the circulation, in one form or another of the International Sunday school lessons!"

REAL DANGER IN MOROCCO

American Minister Says Sultan Has Met Defeat.

Washington, June 26.—A dispatch came to the state department from H. Percival Dodge, the American minister to Morocco, saying that the sultan's troops have been defeated by forces led by the old pretender, Roghi, and that among nearly all the troops about Fez rebellious tendencies are growing rapidly in favor of several other pretenders.

It is reported that foreigners are preparing to leave Fez. The American government has no consular representative there and the British minister at Tangier has instructed the consul of that country at Fez to extend the necessary protection to Americans who may be residing there.

Mr. Dodge says the government is in a critical situation.

QUAKE SHAKES CALIFORNIA

Two Tremors Felt in Several Parts of State.

Grass Valley, Cal., June 23.—An earthquake, the most severe shock experienced here in several years, occurred at 11:25 o'clock last night. A second and lighter shock came at 11:49. Reports from Marysville, Nevada City, Chico and Colfax say those towns were also shaken. No damage has been reported.

TO HONOR SENATOR CARMACK

People of Nashville Pick Site for Monument.

Nashville, Tenn., June 23.—The commission authorized by the legislature to select a site for the monument to Edward Ward Carmack, who was killed on the street here last November, has decided on a location just above the south entrance to the state capitol grounds. It is proposed to erect a memorial costing $25,000. Subscriptions to the memorial fund are being received.

DIES IN HER OLD HOME

Sarah Orne Jewett Ends Celebrated Career.

South Berwick, Me., June 25.—An illness lasting many months ended last night in the death of Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, regarded as one of the foremost women writers of America. Since last March, Miss Jewett has been at her old home here, where for many years she was accustomed to pass her summers, and it was there that her death occurred last evening. She was a sufferer from apoplexy and paralysis.

It was while living in Boston early in the year, at the residence of her friend, Mrs. James T. Fields, widow of the famous Boston publisher, that Miss Jewett was stricken with the disease which proved fatal. In March she was brought to her ancestral residence here. She was able to be moved about in a wheel chair and to receive her friends, and she spent much of her time in reading and studying.

The house where Miss Jewett was born September 3, 1849, has been in the possession of the Jewett family since 1740. It is a fine old colonial mansion, and has welcomed within its doors many of the literary celebrities of this country and Europe.

Miss Jewett wrote many novels and short stories depicting New England character. The pathetic side of life in small villages and in remote country districts appealed to her and her work was largely in the minor key. It was very true to nature, however, and many of her women will stand as an enduring picture of a type that is fast passing away.

AVIATION WILL BE TAUGHT

Paris University Gets Two Donations for Aeronautics.

Paris, June 29.—The University of Paris has announced two donations in the interest of aviation. The first is $100,000, with an annual subvention of $3,000, from Herl Deutsche-Delameurthe for the foundation of a department of technical aeronautics, including studies and researches for the perfection of aerial apparatus of whatever form, and the second, $140,000, from Basil Zakaroff, a Greek resident of Paris, for the foundation of a chair of aviation.

ZEPPELIN HAS TO LAND

Metal of His Airship Becomes Overheated.

Biberach, Germany, June 29.—The airship "Zeppelin I.," traveling from Friedrichhshafen to Metz, landed here this morning on account of the overheating of its machinery, which caused a fusing of certain metal parts. The landing was effected during a rainstorm without difficulty. The crew of four officers and four men held the craft down until a detachment of soldiers arrived on the scene and gave their aid. Major Sherling, in command of the craft, has sent for duplicate parts of the damaged machinery.

WILL FLY OVER CHANNEL

French Aviators Plan Trip to England.

Calais, June 29.—Herbert Latham, Count de Lambert and Henri Farman are at present on the coast, near here, awaiting favorable weather conditions to attempt an aeroplane flight across the English channel for a prize of $5,000 offered by a London paper. French torpedo boats are being held readiness to guide the aviators in their flight and rescue them in case of need.

WOMAN LAWYER IS DEAD

First of Her Sex to Practice in Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, June 29.—Mrs. Carrie Burham Kilgore, aged 71, the first of her sex to be admitted to the practice of law in the state of Pennsylvania, died today at her home in Swarthmore, near here. When a young woman she taught school in Swarthmore, and later studied medicine, receiving the degree of M. D. from a New York co-educational institution in 1884. Seven years later she took up the study of law and was admitted to the law school of the University of Pennsylvania in 1881. She was married to Demon Y. Kilgore in 1876 and was left a widow in 1888.

WIFE MURDERER IS HANGED

Killed Woman Who Wouldn't Return to Him.

Philadelphia, June 29.—Jacob Kobler, a young glassblower, was hanged in Moyamensing prison here today for the murder of his wife, to whom he had been married less than a year. The couple separated and in February of last year, and after his wife had refused to return to him, Kobler shot and killed her. He also shot himself, but did not inflict a serious wound.

GETS BRIDE BY WHISTLING

Member of Blind Trio Weds Summit County Girl.

Akron, June 29.—At last the wedding bells have rung for Alva Clinton Fuhrman, member of the famous "Blind Trio," an organization that is known in every hamlet in northern Ohio and in many other states.

Fuhrman is one of three young men who have wonderful voices, and has actually whistled inmself into the arms of Cupid. He was married today to Miss Catherine Bettes, daughter of a physician of Randolph, at whose home the "Blind Trio" has been frequently entertained.

Although blind, Fuhrman won the affections of Miss Bettes through his whistling and his sunny temperament.

BOY RUNS AWAY 75 TIMES

Nine-Year-Old Becomes Too Restless at Home.

Chicago, June 29.—Raymond Williams, nine years old, who is said to have run away from home seventy-five times, was picked up in Lincoln park by Lieutenant Thorne. The boy was reported missing last Wednesday by his mother. He said he left his home because he became restless there.

CAN'T FLY AMERICAN FLAG

Circus Must Adopt British Colors in Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Man., June 29.—Official orders have been issued prohibiting any United States circus from parading on the streets of Winnipeg unless it flies a British instead of an American flag.

MANY DEATHS FROM PLAGUE

Amoy, June 29.—According to official reports there have been 177 deaths from the bubonic plague in Amoy in the fortnight ended yesterday. Native reports show improved health conditions in the larger interior towns, but the populations of some villages have been decimated during the month.

CORDON DRAWN TIGHT

Big Squad of New York Detectives on Trail of Leon Ling.

New York, June 29.—The police cordon thrown about the comparatively narrow territory comprising Paterson, Passaic, Hackensack and other neighboring towns in New Jersey is tightening today around a number of Chinaman among whom the police hope to find trace of Leon Ling, the supposed murderer of Elsie Sigel.

Fifty of the best detectives of Inspector McCafferty's staff have been sent into this district and the concentration of so many of them virtually in one spot lends color to the belief that some information, so far carefully guarded from the public, is in the possession of the police.

The double mystery of the independent movements immediately following the murder, of Leon Ling on the one hand and of the trunk containing the body of Elsie Sigel on the other, was no nearer solution today after the detectives had run down the latest clue, the alleged moving of the trunk on the night of June 8 from Leon Ling's rooms, in Eighth avenue, to a laundry in West 126th street.

According to the story related by the man who is supposed to have moved the trunk, Leon Ling did not accompany it on its travel from the Eighth avenue address to Harlem, but sent it on by express. The laundry was found untenanted when the detectives visited it, however, and no evidence of value obtained.

GOVERNOR IS VICTIM OF JOKE

Nervous Man's Mob Talk Causes Much Excitement.

Frankfort, Ky., June 28.—Governor Willson was the victim of a joke yesterday and the way the governor took the bait and ran away with it has thrown Kentucky into a convulsion of laughter.

Some nervous individual sitting at Georgetown called up Governor Willson, telling him that a mob was forming to lynch a negro. Governor Willson called up Mayor E. E. Hume here, had him throw a platoon of police around the jail and sit up and wait for the prisoner. He also ordered out the Lexington company of police and sent them to Georgetown in automobiles.

Mayor Hume got tired of his vigil and called up Georgetown to find out what time the negro had left.

"Why he is in jail here," said Jailer Rogers, "and there isn't the slightest excitement or danger of a mob."

BARS UNWRITTEN LAW

Jurors Who Subscribe Can't Serve in Trial.

Detroit, Mich., June 29.—Whether or not they believe in the "unwritten law" as a defense for murder, is squarely put to the prospective jurors by Prosecuting Attorney Van Zile, while they are being examined as to their qualification to sit in the trial of Dr. G. K. Boyajian gor killing his nephew, Haratoon Gastanian, while the latter was being arraigned in police court for alleged misconduct with Mrs. Boyajian.

Judge W. F. Connolly, who presides at the trial, indicated that the "unwritten law" meets with little favor in his eyes.

"In this state, no man has a right to kill another person to avenge his private wrongs, even though they may involve the honor of his wife," said the judge, interrupting the questioning of a prospective juror on whether or not a man, in his opinion, ever has a right to kill a rival for his wife's affections, irrespective of the law.

CRACKER WRECKS AN AUTO

Small Boy in Play Causes Serious Accident.

Des Moines, Ia., June 29.—An automobile in which Miss Gertrude Von Petzold, English suffragette, and three other persons were riding, was wrecked last night by a dynamite firecracker that was hurled into the machine by a boy. With Miss Von Petzold were Mrs. James Berryhill, a society leader; Dr. Adele Fuchs, professor of German at West High school, and a chauffeur. None was seriously hurt, though severely shaken up.

The entire side and floor of the touring car was blown to pieces and a hole three feet square was torn directly under the chauffeur. The boy who threw the cracker was not captured.

Miss Von Petzold is pastor of the First Unitarian church of Des Moines.

OFFERS BIG REWARD

Mayor Busse Puts Price on Bomb Thrower.

Chicago, June 29.—Mayor Busse was authorized by the finance committee of the city council to offer a reward of $3,000 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of persons responsible for last night's explosion that caused much property damage in the heart of the city.

While more than thirty bombs have been set off in various places, only one man has been arrested in connection with any of them. Police Inspector Lavin will take charge of the explosion investigation.

Thomas Courtney, who was arrested for alleged complicity in an explosion which occurred at the Coliseum several months ago and later exonerated, will be questioned by the police in regard to his knowledge of the latest explosion.

CLINGS TO OLD DIPPER

Governor of Georgia Displays Simpie Tastes.

Atlanta, Ga., June 29.—Governor Joseph Brown, who was inaugurated Saturday with unusual simplicity, today brought to the capitol a gourd dipper with a long handle. He placed this primitive drinking cup at a water cooler in the reception room at the capitol.

KILL MORE THAN 5,000 DEER

New Orleans, June 23.—According to an official statement by the Louisiana game commission, 5,500 deer were killed in this state during the season just closed. The total kill is declared to be twice as large as in any other southern state, and almost equal to the aggregate kill in New York and Minnesota combined.

VON BUELOW TO RETIRE

Berlin, June 28.—Prince Von Buelow today authorized the announcement that he intends to retire from the chancellorship of the empire in any event so soon as the pending finance reform measure is disposed of in one way or another. The prince remains in office only temporarily in an endeavor to pass the bill.

LIVED ON HER SECRET

"Bob" Eastman Is Believed to Have Blackmailed Mrs. Woodill.

St. Michaels, Md., June 29.—With the compromise verdict of the coroner's jury that Robert E. Eastman either killed, or was accessory to the murder of Edith May Woodill and the declaration of State's Attorney Taylor that he was through with the case, the strange dual tragedy which has focused the eyes of the entire country upon this little out of the way hamlet of Maryland's famous eastern shore became a closed incident.

Four of the twelve jurors who listened to the testimony at the reopened inquest, refused to sign the verdict until the words "or accessory to the crime" were added to the draft which, approved by the majority, bluntly accused Eastman of the murder. None of the four dissenting jurymen would say that any other person than Eastman was responsible for the girl's death. They merely wished to protest, they said, against the manner in which the inquiry was conducted, declaring that much available evidence was not adduced.

Have Blackmail Theory.

The letter left by Eastman for his wife, in which he declared that Mrs. Woodill had been killed by a woman in a jealous frenzy was not read to the jury. The officials seemed to take it for granted that all of the evidence unearthed since the finding of the body was well known to the residents of the community and that it was unnecessary that it should again be rehearsed. There was just a bit of petty politics mixed up in the verdict, too, for some of the members of the jury have been bitter political enemies in Talbot county affairs. The final theory of the authorities is this:

That Eastman was in need of money; that he probably had been getting money from Mrs. Woodill for some time; that he undoubtedly knew something of her past life and that he had been blackmailing her; that he attempted to continue this practice and that the woman rebelled, intimating that she, too, had found out certain things about Eastman and that if driven to it would expose him. Eastman's dread of serving a term in the penitentiary is well known. His wife has said that he told her he would rather commit suicide than be confined in prison. The pawning of the jewelry the authorities set down to the desire of Eastman to get away. When cornered the man decided that his race had been run and that he had better make an end to it all.

Find More Letter Scraps.

As to why Mrs. Woodill went to the bungalow there was no evidence.

An interesting development yesterday was the finding of the scraps of a torn letter in the cracks of the bungalow floor. Little of sense could be made from the fragments of the letter, but the writing was identified as that of Mrs. Woodill. The letter evidently was about the visit of someone to some place, to be "chaperoned or not as she saw fit." Whether or not the letter could have had any bearing upon the case there was no way of telling.

Mrs. Eastman was granted letters of administration, and all of her husband's real and personal property will be turned over to her. She will go back to New York soon and return to the stage.

"BEWARE OF WOMEN"

This Warning Is Given New York Chinese.

New York, June 29.—That the murder of Elsie Sigel and the subsequent finding of her body in a trunk in the bedroom of Leon Ling, a Chinaman, at Eighth avenue, may arouse public sentiment unduly against Chinese is evidently feared by members of that race. This is shown by a warning issued today.

All the Chinese laundries in the city which are operated by four companies in the name of individual managers, received notice today in Chinese from the owners, warning employes that they must have nothing to do with white women, beyond those at the counter, on paln of dismissal.

KAISER AIDS UNEMPLOYED

Prussian Cabinet Also Will Give Assistance.

Berlin, June 29.—Emperor William has contributed $7,500 to the German Labor Exchange association, the object of which is to find work for the unemployed. The society has arranged for energetic support in the various German states, and the Prussian cabinet has decided to include a liberal appropriation for it in the next budget.

The association purposes to grasp the problem of lack of employment in the most thorough manner, so that men without work can be brought into immediate contact with vacancies in any part of the empire.

WANT HOMES FOR EMBASSIES

Americans Abroad to Discuss Needs at Dinner.

London, June 29.—The recently formed "American Embassy association" has begun a campaign among Americans living and traveling in England to enlist their support in a move to induce the government to provide the embassies in foreign capitals with suitable buildings.

E. Clarence Jones, president of the association; Frederick Townsend Martin, of the executive committee, and T. Sandford Beatty are making arrangements for a dinner July 7, when many American travelers will be the guests of the association.

CELEBRATES 105TH BIRTHDAY

Woman Near Salem Hale and Hearty Except Poor Eyesight.

Salem, June 25.—Mrs. Margaret Beatty, residing with her son, W. M. Beatty, on his farm near here, yesterday celebrated her 105th birthday, there being present 6 children, 25 grandchildren, 30 great-grandchildren and 3 great-great-grandchildren. She is hale and hearty, having full possession of all her faculties with the exception of her eyesight, not having been able to read since her 100th birthday, but being able to go about the house without assistance. She was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., June 24, 1905.

BISHOP COTTER IS DEAD

Head of Catholic Diocese in Minnesota.

Winona, Minn., June 28.—Bishop Joseph B. Cotter, aged 65 years, head of the Catholic diocese of Winona, which is composed of the entire southern half of the state, died at his home last midnight of a complication of heart trouble and Bright's disease. In the early 80's he was for several years president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

His illness dates back several years. Early in April his ailment became so serious that it was deemed advisable to go to a sanitarium at Atlantic City, N. J., but the change in climate rather aggravated his ailment and he was brought home a month ago.

MAKES MONEY FLY

Cuban Congress Goes Full Financial Limit.

Havana, June 29.—In accordance with the program of the Liberal majority the house of representatives passed the budget of $33,800,000 as received from the president, abandioning all attempts to effect retrenchments. Owing to the fact that the constitution prescribes that the budget must pass not later than July 1, the senate will take up the budget and probably will pass it. It will immediately be sent to the president for his signature.

Incidentally, the passage of the budget confirms Governor Magoon's purchase of Spanish cannon for he Cuban fortresses, as it contains an item of $50,000 for the payment of the first year's installment of the total purchase price of $300,000.

The senate has agreed to appropriate $40,000 expenses for a two years' mission to the Latin republics under Major-General Enrique Loynaz del Castilla.

MONEY IS ABUNDANT

Its Cheapness Main Support of Stock Market.

New York, June 28.—Toward the close of the week the market was largely dominated by movements of the Harriman stocks, and uncertainty as to the meaning of these fluctuations tended to lessen general activity. Apart from this factor there was little change in the general outlook. The technical situation of the market still shows doubtful stability, it being well understood that large holders of securities have been taking the handsome profits accrued to them on the late rise. Until the market has, therefore, reached a level at which these parties are willing to buy back their old stocks, it is evident it will be lacking in their very necessary support.

Security values are exceedingly high, many of the better securities having risen to a point where returns are exceedingly small. The main support of the stock market just now is the abundance and cheapness of money. As interest rates begin to harden, which is not unlikely with the approach of the harvest, fancy priced stocks will seem less attractive, and the difficulties of sustaining values at present high levels may be considerably augmented.

Outside of the stock market, business conditions show further improvement. General trade is quite active, as is demonstrated by the heavy Clearing House returns and continued liberal gains in railroad earnings. Our railroads are now doing exceptionally well, their large earnings, better rates and more economical management placing them in a much more comfortable financial position than they have been for several years. In consequence railroad managers are now putting into effect many improvements and extensions which had been previously deferred for financial reasons.

The crop outlook is now the controlling factor in business operations. The winter wheat crop is now turning out better than expected and final yield may not be as short at one time feared. The corn crop is also doing well, and with present large acreage should give us a yield of about 3,000,000,000 bushels. The latest government report places the farm value of corn on June 1 at 76c.

Current discussions at Washington in regard to the tariff and the raising of revenues are anything but pleasing. The tariff outlook is as confused as ever, and efforts to revise the schedules upward instead of downward make the final outcome a matter of continued uncertainty.

The market outlook is still somewhat confused. Values are high and no new buying element of consequence is at present in sight. We look for an irregular market until after the Independence holiday, and during the interval we would advise the taking of profits on all good rallies and buying on pronounced recessions. July disbursements will aggregate about $200,000,000. Call money continues abundant, but long date time money may gradually harden.

Those who have been buying the Steel shares on the idea of their being listed on the Paris Bourse are likely to be disappointed. So much opposition has developed from the politicians, steel manufacturers, etc., that the authorities will not find it easy to resist it; besides if the application to put the stock on the Bourse when the price, some months ago, was in the 30s, instead of now, above 65, the application probably would have had better chances of success; but the difference in price between, say, 30 and 65 makes a vastly different proposition to deal with.

The Week in Congress

Tuesday, June 22.—Senate.—By a vote of 46 to 30 the senate today took hides from the free list, where they had been placed by the house, and gave them a duty of 15 per cent ad valorem, the same as under the Dingley law. Just before adjournment for the day at 7 o'clock Senator Aldrich, on behalf of the finance committee, presented the committee's new lumber schedule and also a number of amendments relating to linoleum and oilcloth. The committee proposed a rate of $1.50 per thousand on sawed lumber, which is a 50 per cent increase over the house rate. Neither the lumber nor linoleum schedule was acted upon.

The house was not in session today.

Wednesday, June 23.—Senate.—The senate made short shrift of several provisions in the tariff bill today. An amendment for "dollar lumber" was defeated, as was a move for free lumber, and the finance committee's provision for $1.50 a thousand on sawed lumber was adopted, 24 to 44. The finance committee's provision reducing the house rates on pineapples to the old Dingley schedule was defeated, and Senator Taliaferro's amendment raising the rate above that in the house bill was adopted. Senator Aldrich's committee won a fight on their coal rates, which lowered the house rate on bituminous coal from 67 to 60 cents a ton and eliminated the reciprocity clause. Attempts were made to lower the rate still further and to have coal free, but were defeated.

The house was not in session today.

Thursday, June 24.—Senate.—The senate today adopted amendments to the tariff bill increasing the duty on shoes from 15 to 20 per cent ad valorem and on sole leather from 5 to 10 per cent. The greater part of the session was devoted to speechmaking. Senator Beveridge, advocating his amendment in regard to the size of tobacco packages, declared the tobacco trust was making millions by keeping packages down to war time sizes, notwithstanding the war tax was long ago removed. Mr. Bailey and Mr. Newlands discussed the tariff at length.

House.—On the eve of the expiration of the current fiscal year the house today authorized an emergency appropriation of $10,000,000 for defraying the expenses of the thirteenth decennial census. In presenting the bill for that purpose Mr. Tawney, chairman of the committee on appropriations, explained the situation with respect to the permanent census measure still in conference and announced that unless the money was forthcoming the census would be compelled to suspend all business Wednesday. To get the members for this vote the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies scoured the Capitol under orders of Speaker Cannon. Members reached the chamber in droves. About 80 of them were found comfortably seated in the senate listening to the tariff debate. Adjournment was taken until Monday next.

Friday, June 25.—Senate.—The senate today raised the duty on scrap iron from 50 cents, as fixed in the house bill, to $2.50 a ton, increased the duty on wire nails one-quarter of a cent a pound and substituted specific for ad valorem duty on files, rasps, etc. The duty on harness was raised from 35 to 40 per cent. The increase on scrap iron called forth vigorous protests by a vote of 42 to 28. Senator Penrose's amendment for a duty of one-half cent a gallon on crude oil was voted down.

The house was not in session today.

Washington, June 28.—Senate.—The senate this afternoon concluded discussion of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill and the finance committee's income tax constitutional amendment was presented. This amendment with the corporation tax, which is already before the senate, constitutes the program in the upper house. On motion of Senator McLaurin cottop bagging was put on the free list. Senator Culberson moved to put cotton ties on the free list, but this was defeated, 31 to 38. The duty on structural iron and steel valued at more than nine-tenths of a cent a pound was increased from three-tenths to four-tenths of a cent a pound. Ineffectual efforts were made to have school books and salt placed on the free and Egyptian cotton on the dutiable list.

House.—After adopting the conference report on the census bill the house adjourned at 12:35 p. m. today until Thursday. No other business, except the introduction of bills and resolutions, was attempted.

THE MARKETS

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, June 26.—Bradstreet's says:

Improvement is more manifest this spring, the mainspring of this being better weather and crop reports and further expansion in the volume of industrial operation. Retail reports are still rather irregular, excessive heat being credited with retarding distribution in some sections, but on the whole sales of summer goods have been benefited by more seasonable temperatures.

Jobbing trade reports are slightly better, pointing to an improvement in reorder demand, but by far the best reports as to distributive trade still come from wholesale lines which report good crop outlook as stimulating the placing of business for next fall and spring delivery.

The situation in leather trades is one of great strength, based apparently upon the scarcity of hides. Shoe shipments continue to expand and are 24 per cent. larger than a year ago in the east. St. Louis shipments are, however, slightly behind a year ago, though manufacturers expect to catch up. Shoe manufacturers as a whole are doing a fair business, but indications are of not more than an average year's trade.

Great activity is reported in the building trades, but demand for lumber seems to drag in some sections. Cotton goods have a hardening tone, aided by the advance in raw material. The opening of the 1910 spring season trade in woolens and worsted men's wear goods at the highest prices for over a decade is another evidence of the very strong position of prices of textiles generally.

The Grain Markets.

That butter will probably continue to sell high all summer is evident from the general tone of the market. The decision of Elgin yesterday to hold prices steady with last week's quotations is looked upon as a sign of more than usual strength for this time of the year. It is believed demand from packing houses will show a slump from now on since June buttter is considered the best stock for storage. Although Elgin remained steady, packing stock was reduced 1c to 17c, and process advanced about ½c to a range of 23½c to 24½c.

Under liberal receipts, new potatoes have dropped to 90c and old stock to 75c. Texas onions, being almost out of the market, dealers are beginning to inquire about Louisville offerings, which are quoted at $1.25. New home-grown turnips at 75c a bushel are worthy of attention.

The movement of strawberries has begun to show a decline, and prices centered $3.00 today. Cherries sell from $2.00 to $2.50. Dealers of produce in a wholesale way report business active in most lines.

It may be necessary for selling interests to reduce the price on some of the meats. Demand for all kinds of flesh foods appears none too good and sky-high prices are not helping matters. Fresh fish continue to arrive in a desultory way, but dealers will probably quote little other than frozen stock within a week or two.

at $1.12⅝, and May ½c higher at $1.15⅞. The selling movement shortly after the call caused prices to recede from ⅛@⅜ in all options save cash and the current month.

Reports of wheat and flour marked for export and advices of rust around Rosemount and Farmington, Minn., were important factors. These influences induced the Bartlett-Patten people to buy, and as usual a large per cent of traders got in the purchasing line. Cash and June closed unchanged at $1.37, July ⅜c up at $1.17¼, September and December 1c up at $1.13¾, and May 1⅛c up at $1.16⅞. Liverpool finished ⅛@⅞d up.

Corn prices receded, especially a short time after the opening. Crop advices continued favorable and those bearishly inclined predicted a heavier movement. July and September opened unchanged at 72¾c and .71⅝c respectively. December started ⅛c lower and the far month the same amount higher at 59⅞c. Losses in all options ranged from ⅛c to ¼c during the first half hour.

At the close corn prices were: Cash, 74½c; July, 73c; September, 71¼c; December, 59c; May, 60c.

Oats was lower and rather dull during the early hours. Options were about ⅜c lower at the opening, July starting at 51c, September at 43¾c, December at 45½c and May at 46½c.

Closing oats values: Cash, 55c; July, 51¼c; September, 44c; December, 45c; May, 46⅝c.

Clover seed futures were off 2½c on the call. Cash opened steady at $6.60, October and December at $6.97½ and March at $7.07½.

Closing values in clover seed were identical with the previous close.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close June29.	Close June28
Cash	1.37	....	....	1.37	1.37
June	1.37	....	....	1.37	1.37
July	1.16¼	....	1.16	1.17⅛	1.16⅜
Sept.	1.12⅝	1.14	1.12⅝	1.13⅜	1.12⅝
Dec.	1.12⅝	1.18⅞	1.12⅞	1.18⅝	1.12⅝
May	1.15⅛	1.16½	1.15⅝	1.16⅞	1.15⅝
Corn—					
July	72⅜	....	....	74½	75
Sept.	71⅜	....	71⅝	73	72⅝
Dec.	58⅜	....	58⅝	59	58⅞
May	59¼	60	....	59⅝	59⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	55	55
July	51	....	....	51½	51½
Sept	43⅜	44	43½	44	44¼
Dec.	45⅛	....	....	45	45⅞
May	46½	....	45	46⅝	46⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	6.60	....	....	6.60	6.60
Dec	6.97½	....	....	7.00	7.00
Mar	7.07½	....	....	7.00	7.00
	7.07½	....	....	7.10	7.10
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	89½	....
No. 2	....	....	....	89	....
No. 3	....	....	....	86	....
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.00	....
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	7.90	....
Aug.	....	....	....	8.30	....

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	1.15¼	1.16½	1.14⅝	1.16	1.15
Sept.	1.10¼	1.11⅝	1.09¼	1.11⅝	1.10¼
Dec.	1.08	1.09⅝	1.08⅜	1.09⅜	1.08½
May	1.11⅝	....	1.11¼	1.12⅜	1.11⅜
Corn—					
July	70¼	....	....	69½	70⅜ 70¼
Sept.	67½	....	....	68⅜	67⅝ 67½
Dec.	57⅝	....	....	57⅝	58¼ 58
May	58⅝	....	....	58⅝	58⅝ 58⅝
Oats—					
July	43⅝	59⅜	48¼	49